THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 9, 1968 35 cents

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BITTER LEGACY OF LBJ

CAREY McWILLIAMS

CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN AUGUST

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LETTERS

leaflet conspirators

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Last May at Fort Ord, Calif, Privates Daniel Amick and Ken Stolte were sentenced by general court-martial to four years' hard labor apiece. Their crime: distributing an anti-war leaflet on the base and, moreover, conspiring to do so.

Attorney Francis Heisler has filed notice to appeal the decision with the Court of Military Appeals, but Maj. Gen. Thomas A. Kenan, Commanding General of Fort Ord, has refused release the two political prisoners on their own recognizance pending that action. Heisler will therefore appear soon in the Federal District Court of San Francisco on a writ of habeas corpus . . .

In the name of military justice, the two young men—who had never before been charged with an offense—are refused even that most narrow liberty, the right to await due process outside prison walls. At this writing they are confined in the Fort Ord stockade.

Funds are badly needed for the two appeals. . . . The sum of $1,500 would help not only two dedicated young men but also the fight to open political space in the army, where room to organize is so desperately needed.

Checks may be sent to the Stolte-Amick Defense Fund, Drawer 3996, Carmel, Calif. 93921. *Todd Gitlin*

a name for it

Long Island City, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: I must take vehement exception to your astonishing statement that Richard Nixon is not corrupt [editorial, Aug. 19].

Nixon confessed to the nation on television that he took the $18,000 from California oil and real estate operators. He took the money and delivered the goods. We used to call that bribery; I still call it by its rightful name.

There is also Howard Hughes's loan of $205,000 to Nixon's brother on a $4,000 lot, a loan apparently never repaid. What could be more corrupt? $206,000, perhaps? *Emmett Swisshelm*

diabolism

Springfield, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Is it inconceivable that Johnson and Rusk may be motivated by something even deeper than the North-South complex unearthed by "the lady in Atlanta" ["Damyankees," editorial, *The Nation*, Aug. 26]?

The search for some explanation of their diabolism may indeed go back to their being Southerners, but has it occurred to anyone besides myself that it isn't merely a Mason-Dixon Line complex that motivates them? Behind their patriotic rhetoric may possibly lurk a hidden desire to destroy the Union for what it did to their region 100 years ago. The "lady in Atlanta" has started me thinking; blame her for the results! *Lee E. Holt*

worth the blood?

University City, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: Stanley Meisler implies [editorial, *The Nation*, Aug. 26] that a Nigerian federal victory over secessionist Biafra would not be worth the cost in lives. Perhaps he forgets that Lincoln is revered for keeping the states united, thereby avoiding the continuing mortal conflicts of European countries . . . . When one notes that Biafra, like secessionist Katanga of the Congo, is the region of its nation best endowed with mineral wealth, the case for quashing the Biafran secession becomes compelling.

Arthur N. Solomon

EDITORIALS

McCarthy's Victory

Eugene McCarthy will not be President of the United States—at least not in the next four years—but that was never his primary objective. What he wanted was to bring the issue of Vietnam before the country in an inescapable form, and the only way he could do that was by defying Lyndon B. Johnson and running for the Presidency himself. He succeeded not only in mobilizing resistance to the war and in forcing Mr. Johnson to withdraw, but he changed the face of American politics to a degree that has astonished old-line and new politicians alike.

Before McCarthy set out on his crusade, most of the voters were only vaguely aware of the extent to which great issues were decided, or simply ignored, by the political bosses, nor did they greatly care. It was the way things were. Courageous action by one man, with only a small following at the outset, snowballed into a massive movement. It was not powerful enough to boost McCarthy into the Presidency, but it showed the power of adherence to principle where principle had been a minor consideration, and even a positive handicap. American politics will never be the same again; no, not even if Richard Nixon is elected. Four years of Nixon would seem like a long time, but, like all triumphs and all misfortunes, it would pass.

The contrast between the temperaments of Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy was brought out sharply at their appearance before the California delegation on August 27, together with George McGovern, who on that occasion came away with the laurels. Humphrey proclaimed himself a "peace candidate" and sought to minimize the difference between his position and that of McCarthy and McGovern as being mainly one of "rhetoric." If this is rhetoric, there is no such thing as substance. Humphrey identifies himself with Lyndon Johnson in regard to the war, and calls it peace. McCarthy and, belatedly, McGovern, with due respect for the office of the President, made it clear that they disagreed with the incumbent on the war and much else. The California delegation knew that Humphrey was talking out of both sides of his mouth and they were no more than polite.

Had it not been for McCarthy and his defiance of the political mores, the good things that happened at the Democratic convention would not have happened at all, or would have been less conspicuous. In contrast to the Republican convention, the Democrats staged a series of meaningful debates, the origins of which could be traced back to positions McCarthy had taken during his campaign. The abolition of the unit rule was one, the contests for the seating of dissident delegations were instructive even when the insurgents lost, and the Vietnamese debate cleared the air on that issue even though the Johnson-Humphrey plank prevailed. (See "The Bitter Legacy of LBJ," page 198.)

McCarthy's primary weakness, from the standpoint of practical politics, is that his approach to issues is sharp, unequivocal and concise, but delivered in a low key. If he

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were an actor, it could not be said that he throws his lines away, but he is even farther from tearing a passion to tatters. He is not outwardly passionate at all, though to do what he did requires great depth of feeling and adamant resolution. Some of the California delegates must have been taken aback when he began his speech with eight foreclosing words: "I do not intend to restate my case," and went on from there. But that showed more respect for his audience than if he had harangued them.

Americans who want more than anything else to be proud of their country may be ashamed of much that it has done in recent years but it did, after all, produce Eugene McCarthy, and millions have been inspired by him. And we have not heard the last of him, nor of the kind of politics for which he stands.

Agreement In Name Only

The obvious things about the Czechoslovak-Soviet confrontation have all been said. The Russian invasion was outrageous and a blow not only to international comity but to whatever is left of communism as an international cause. But this is only the first act in a continuing drama. Militarily, the hard-liners in Moscow have had their way, but they have not succeeded in what must have been their primary objective—a more amenable regime in Prague.

The Svoboda-Dubcek government may not remain completely unscathed, but even if one or another minister is displaced, and even if the liberalization trend is somewhat distorted, Moscow's basic problem remains. If the Moscow hard-line faction believes that a democratic version of communism is menacing to the regimes presently in power in the Soviet Union, Poland, Hungary and Bulgaria, then it must continue efforts to thwart what a majority of Czechs and Slovaks obviously prefer to the Novotny brand. So far as the military pressure on them will permit, Svoboda, Dubcek and their colleagues for their part must continue to hold on to what they have gained. The struggle will continue on the diplomatic level, with the threat of military force always in the background. If the Moscow hawks have learned anything, however, they will hesitate to rely again on direct force. They may withdraw most of their armor and resort to economic pressures.

An attempt has been made by the *émigré* groups in the United States, and by some of the indigenous press, to equate the invasion of Czechoslovakia with the assault on Hungary in 1956, but the differences are outstanding. Though Stalin was already dead, effective de-Stalinization had not yet taken hold, and the Soviet action was as unrestrained as if Stalin himself had been in charge. The government of Hungary was overthrown, the revolt was crushed, Imre Nagy and Pal Maleter were later executed, and large numbers of Hungarians fled the country. Even so, the Soviet action was not wholly unintelligent: the installation of Janos Kadar, a moderate who had at one time undergone torture at the hands of extremists, had a long-term pacifying effect. While he has gone along with the Russian moves, Kadar may be more sympathetic with the Czechoslovaks than he is in a position to admit.

Another factor that calls for evaluation is the Russian

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(and Polish) fear of Germany. Hitler called Czechoslovakia a dagger aimed at the heart of Germany. This was simply preparation for his seizure of the Sudetenland, but the dagger can be turned to the East. The Russian fear of Germany *redivivus* is genuine, just as was the French fear of Germany after World War I—as it turned out, with good reason. Russian anxiety is aggravated by the tenuous hold of communism on East Germany, which has certainly not been strengthened by Ulbricht's role in the assault on Czechoslovakia. The Czechs may have to reconcile themselves to the presence of Russian troops on their western border, as a barrier to any future Czech-West German *rapprochement*.

The sane course for the Czech and Slovak people is clear: they can win only by not being, or seeming to be, victorious. Svoboda and Dubcek have driven the best bargain possible, and can be relied on for a future course along the same lines. The people must support them and show firmness combined with political maturity. Any attempts at mass resistance would only play into the hands of the neo-Stalinists in their own country. The situation is much too precarious for displays of individual heroism. Teen-agers throwing stones at tanks make good pictures for the American news media, but the only aid Czechoslovakia will get from the United States is the verbal output of Radio Free Europe.

Technology Rides Again

In the May-June, 1967, issue of the *Diary* of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, the Polish-American philosopher Henryk Skolimowski questioned whether human society "can survive the grip of technology." The outlook appears considerably less promising in the light of the August 16 tests of the MIRV ("Multiple Independently Targetable Re-entry Vehicle"). The launchings took place at Cape Kennedy, further dissipating the notion that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is dedicated only to the peaceful uses of outer space. The Navy and Air Force were equally represented, the Navy by its Poseidon missile, the Air Force by Minuteman 3. According to spokesmen for the services, the tests were highly successful—although precisely what constituted success was left unstated. ("It was a good day for the country," an Air Force public relations man said, identifying the country with the Air Force as the late Charles E. Wilson identified it with General Motors.)

Technology is nothing if not progress. In this case it consists of mounting from three to ten thermonuclear warheads on a single rocket. The multiple warheads can either be targeted on a single city or else cities several hundred miles apart can each receive its designated warhead. Numerous decoys will also be released to paralyze nuclear defense systems, in case anyone has been foolish enough to build them, and there are hints that the warheads will be maneuverable during descent, instead of falling freely.

The present "Model T" ICBM installations designed to protect the United States against a nuclear onslaught by devastating counterforce consist of more than 1,000 Minuteman 1 and Minuteman 2 missiles (the latter predominating) in underground silos, and 656 Polaris missiles in forty-one nuclear submarines. The Poseidon, which is longer and fatter than the Polaris and twice as heavy, will carry as many as ten warheads, with a range between 2,500 and 2,900 miles. The land-based Minuteman 3 is designed to carry three warheads to a range of about 8,000 miles.

In the early seventies, when these weapons are deployed, the number of warheads ready for instant launching will be multiplied several times. If the Russians—not to speak of the Chinese—would only stand still we would be even more invincible, but unfortunately the Soviet technology, like ours, is hellbent on progress. As a result they will have MIRVs targeted on our cities, and nothing much will be changed, except that there will be all the more chance of one of those thousands of bombs (ICBMs are only a small fraction of the total) going off inadvertently.

One change, however, is certain: A lot of money is going to be made by Lockheed (which is responsible for Poseidon) and Boeing (which supplies Minuteman 3) and by their subcontractors, always eager to boost technology to new heights of universal suicide.

'Everything We Can Get'

The MIRV development is only one aspect of the stepped-up arms race which is in prospect, once that nasty little diversion in Vietnam is out of the way. Rarely does the public get any real insight into the dynamics of defense spending, but one case of impressive magnitude is documented in *Forbes*, August 1.

By way of background, it must be understood that each of the three services (the Marines being included in the Navy) has three enemies: the one it is shooting at and its two brother services. Rivalry is particularly keen between the Air Force and the Navy—as former Secretary of Defense McNamara discovered when he tried to get the two services to share a new fighter-bomber, the F-111. The Navy version, F-111B, was to incorporate modifications to suit the requirements of carrier service, but it was killed by the admirals and their allies in Congress, who now have bigger plans.

They have come up with the VFX. If everything goes according to schedule, this will replace the McDonnell Douglas F-4, the present mainstay of the Navy, Marines and Air Force. The Navy alone figures it will need 1,300 at a unit cost of between $8 million and $9 million, or a total contract value of about $11 billion. If the plane proves to be really hot stuff, the Air Force may have to adopt it to the extent of another 1,700 planes, or $14 billion more, making a grand total of $25 billion.

Naturally everybody is after that tidy little sum, even though so far it is only on paper. North American Rockwell, Ling-Temco-Vought, McDonnell Douglas, General Dynamics and Grumman are already in the race, and no doubt others will appeal for a share.

The case of Grumman is a peculiar one. For many years the firm has been the favorite for Navy aviation procurement and was allied as the chief subcontractor with General Dynamics on the F-111 job. Grumman's

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share was to be about $500 million, of which it has earned $355 million so far. Undeterred by its link with General Dynamics, Grumman brought the VFX proposal to the Navy.

When the news reached General Dynamics, one of its executives said that his people felt somewhat like a cuckolded husband. They also suspected that the Navy had given Grumman a helping hand—informally and *sub rosa*, of course—but this is denied by Grumman's president, Llewellyn J. Evans. "We did this on our own, for purely competitive reasons," he insists. ". . . We spent millions on research and wind tunnel testing. . . . This is a damn competitive business, and we're going after everything we can get."

Business is business, whether it's on Seventh Avenue among the cloak-and-suiters, or in the great centers of defense with their palatial offices. There is only this difference: the cloak-and-suiters don't operate with the taxpayers' money.

Ernest Gruening

The youth of America (and the humane spirit that might keep America young), which was battered and gassed through the streets of Chicago last week, also lost a battle in Alaska, where Sen. Ernest Gruening was defeated in the Democratic primaries by Mike Gravel, an Anchorage real estate developer.

Senator Gruening is 81 and if this defeat should mark the end of his public career, he can face political retirement with pride in a lifetime devoted to public service as a journalist, U.S. representative abroad, Alaska governor and legislator. But the country cannot face his departure with like equanimity, for in the case of Mr. Gruening "public service" is no conventional phrase—he served the public, people not institutions, and people not only in America but everywhere in the world and most particularly in the world of Latin America. It is an ironic shock that on the day when the Senator was defeated in Alaska, the U.S. Ambassador to Guatemala, Mr. John Gordon Mein, was shot dead on the Avenida Reforma. Our Latin American policy in recent decades has made us the "enemy" in the eyes of its peoples; they knew Gruening for their friend.

It is a characteristic of many great men that they stay young for their entire lives. A few weeks ago Senator Gruening was taking time out from a barnstorming trip through the Eskimo villages of northern Alaska to swim in the icy Arctic Ocean; a few months ago his strong voice was raised to greet the peace marchers assembled before the Washington Monument. "Never trust anyone over 30," say the young, but they don't mean Ernest Gruening.

Twice in his life from 1920 to 1922 and again in 1933, Mr. Gruening was an editor of *The Nation*. He has said, "Of no title could I be prouder than that of *Nation* alumnus." He now becomes an alumnus of the Senate, a title in which he can also take great pride, for he served Alaska well, both as territorial governor and as Senator. We await with confidence the career to which he will devote himself in his "retirement."

The Rediscovery of Cuba

The biggest blunder of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations was of course the invasion of Vietnam. Less disastrous in its consequences but even more illustrative of military and diplomatic idiocy, one may cite U.S.-Cuban relations since Batista was sent packing.

All revolutionary regimes go through a phase of euphoria, marked by great pride (for which there is some reason) and a corresponding sensitivity. Elementary psychology teaches that this is the time to give them a wide berth, in the expectation that things will simmer down, as they almost always do. Contacts with triumphant revolutionaries call for the utmost delicacy.

In the case of Cuba, we were instead at pains to insult Castro on his first visit to the United States and thereafter to make life miserable for his regime and for the Cuban people. Then we committed the blunder of the Bay of Pigs. Since then, we have tried to be generally beastly, though perforce only in a petty way.

Under modern conditions, however, it is impossible for two nations, separated by only 90 miles of water, to exist indefinitely in a state of total hostility. It makes no difference that one is the most powerful in the world and the other among the smallest and feeblest—in today's world such ratios do not mean what they once did. The propinquity of Cuba and the United States is too much even for our cold warriors and Communist-baiters and the diehard "anti-imperialists" on the other side.

It is instructive to note some of the factors that are now beginning to compel the rediscovery of Cuba by U.S. statesmanship (such as it is). The first is the hijacking of U.S. aircraft. So far this year there have been ten attempted and successful airplane seizures; five commercial and two private flights were forced to change course and fly to Cuba. The airline companies, and the U.S. Government, are virtually powerless to cope with the problem, which creates justified anxiety among airline passengers.

All the proposals for coping with the hijackers promise to make a bad situation worse. One such bright idea involves equipping the flight crew with tear gas (in a sealed cabin!); another would have the pilots put the plane into sharp dives or violent turns to throw the hijacker off balance (and the passengers out of their seats, and perhaps against the ceiling of the cabin). In one attempt to end this aerial piracy, the State Department has told Cuba that it will fly home any of its nationals on the return trips of the planes which now twice daily bring Cuban refugees to the United States. But Castro has not agreed, and given the backgrounds and mental states of the hijackers to date, there seems no powerful reason why he should. A considerable number have criminal records, several have shown themselves distraught, and not all are Cubans.

Another painful consequence of U.S.-Cuban hostility is the epidemic of bombings at foreign consulates and tourist offices, mainly in midtown Manhattan but also in other cities. While there is no proof that all these bombings are the work of anti-Castro terrorists, the targets have been predominantly the consulates and mission offices of countries that maintain trade relations with Cuba. A left-

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ist bookstore was attacked, as were the offices of Grove Press, whose magazine, *Evergreen Review*, had recently published excerpts from Che Guevara's Bolivian diary. That bombing came on the fifteenth anniversary of Castro's opening attack upon the Batista government. Cuban exiles have been telling newsmen that organizations they belong to, or know about, are responsible—though the informants themselves claim innocence.

One Cuban exile arrested in Miami in connection with a bombing had been trained by the CIA. There is some reason to believe that we have not cut our ties with militant anti-Castro organizations, and hesitate to take drastic action against them lest some of their officials and members might tell about their relations with the not very successful guardians of our security and liberties.

The only comprehensive answer, of course, is normalization of relations between the United States and Cuba. But that is only the negative side. The fact is that a return to normality in the Caribbean would benefit both countries. Relations between the Russians and the Cubans have cooled. Castro's attempts to foment revolution in Latin America have not been conspicuously successful. Cuba could be a very good market for the United States, and an influx of American goods could alleviate the hardships of the Cuban people.

There are some glimmerings that good sense may prevail. There are even reports that President Johnson, wishing to leave office with the aura of a great peacemaker, is toying with the idea of coming to terms with Castro. It is high time that this long, dreary, absurd chapter was ended.

THE BITTER LEGACY OF LBJ

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Chicago, August 29

At the stroke of midnight Wednesday, the Democrats nominated Hubert Humphrey for the Presidency, but if they did not elect Richard Nixon to that office it was through no fault of Lyndon Johnson, Mayor Daley, or the happy nominee. What they have done to their party remains to be seen. Humphrey's nomination came as no surprise to anyone here, although his vote was somewhat larger than had been forecast. From the outset he had the nomination sewed up. There was no need for Daley's rigging operations, which were carried out in full public view, with the President's approval and with no protest from the nominee. Nor was there need or justification for the fantastic police and security measures which in effect called for the violence they were supposed to prevent. And there was no justification whatever for the brutality which the police inflicted on demonstrators, visitors, newsmen and even some delegates.

The Chicago police are a special breed. My guess would be that they weigh on an average about 50 or 60 pounds more than the average for New York's finest. Even before the trouble started, it was clear that they were spoiling for a fight, and not merely with yippies and hippies. They were up tight, period. Police, National Guardsmen and federal troops probably outnumbered demonstrators. One Chicago newsman estimated 20,000 for each side.

The effect of this awesome demonstration of military and police muscle was to create an atmosphere so hateful and oppressive that it drew a mild protest even from joyous Hubert. At the same time it was clear that any of the candidates could have been assassinated with relative ease, precisely because of the confusion, the general milling around and the excessive show of force. Newsmen usually enjoy a degree of immunity from police brutality, but not in Chicago, not at this convention. Secret Service and uniformed police appeared on the floor of the convention and at various state caucuses; at least two delegates were forcibly removed from the floor by the police. The assaults on newsmen naturally assured the widest possible publicity; the press and the media always become aroused about police brutality when it is directed against their representatives. Never before, at any convention, have newsmen been treated as they were here. "Apparently the police don't understand the English version of 'press,'" wrote Mike Royko, the popular columnist for the Chicago *Daily News*. "They seem to think it means 'Hit me, please' or 'Smash my camera, please.'"

Abu—The Tribune, London

Federal authorities were concerned from the outset about the measures Daley had ordered. Most of the delegates resented these measures but took no action to repudiate them. An enormous audience, in this country and

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abroad, watched the disgraceful Chicago street scenes. If Daley had wanted to get the Democrats off to a bad start in this year's convention, he could not have done any better than he did. Richard Nixon, like Daley, is a "law-and-order" man, but he is not likely to pass up the opportunity to make political capital of this disgraceful exhibition of police assault. The image conveyed by the media of the "pacification" carried out by Mayor Daley's "special forces," including firemen and personnel from the Chicago Sewer District, was grotesque, surreal and reminiscent of Storm-trooper tactics in Germany of the 1930s. But oddly enough the street action was largely unrelated to what the delegates were doing; as delegates, they were not intimidated. Many of them seemed to feel that, however distasteful the outside action might be, it did not directly concern them, although 1,761 delegates voted to accept Johnson's protégé and program. It was Johnson who gave the convention to Chicago, as a reward to Daley for services rendered; and it was Daley who directed the police action, the pattern for which had been established during the peace demonstrations of April 27 [See "The Battle of Chicago" by Joseph L. Sander, *The Nation,* May 20]. The TV-viewing public naturally related the street scenes to the convention coverage; most delegates did not.

After the first few roll calls on the credentials fights, it was clear that there were simply not enough votes at the convention to block Humphrey's nomination. It was also clear that the size of the Establishment vote was not due to Humphrey's popularity—he cut a sorry figure here—nor was it due to any weaknesses in the opposition candidates. It stemmed rather from what might be called "the structure of the situation."

From the outset, Senator McCarthy, as an outsider challenging the leadership of his own party, was at a distinct disadvantage in terms of building delegate support for his movement. This weakness was remedied to some extent when Sen. Robert Kennedy entered the race. But as Senator McCarthy said in an interview yesterday, Senator Kennedy's death meant that "the control of the convention wars was in the hands of the regulars." McCarthy was constantly asked if he would support "the nominee of the convention." But since he was the initial challenger of the Administration, he could not give a direct categorical answer, and that kept him consistently in the role of the outsider who, in the eyes of many delegates, was running against the party, not with it. Senator Kennedy was not in that position, nor was Senator McGovern, who came on strong here at the convention but who entered the race too late to be able to carry his candidacy to the delegates in any systematic manner. The last-minute efforts to engineer a draft of Sen. Edward Kennedy did not help the opposition. With the bulk of his active supporters aligned with either McCarthy or McGovern, most delegates gave little credence to the rumor that he might be drafted.

Senator McCarthy was deprived of the issue on which he might have won—that is, "the Johnson issue." In retrospect it is clear that there was more and stronger sentiment against Johnson than there was against the Vietnamese War. The President offered a perfect target for McCarthy, and if he had not withdrawn, the structure

"We Come Highly Recommended."

of the situation would have been quite different. His departure not only changed the nature of McCarthy's problem but also took some of the edge off the Vietnamese issue. No longer was McCarthy the David who had dared to challenge Goliath. After March 31, he was a contestant in a struggle for power. In such a situation, and notably in a convention setting, candidates must exhibit a will to win. But McCarthy managed to convey the impression here, as throughout the campaign, that winning the big prize was not his main concern. This casual attitude put off many delegates, but not enough to have made a significant difference in the final balloting. Away from the convention, McCarthy's style and manner were assets, but delegates expect be importuned by candidates who really want to win.

A major weakness of the opposition was its failure to penetrate the key industrial states of Illinois, Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania. In the case o fIllinois, Daley was a major factor, but the basic explanation is that the leadership of organized labor, including Walter Reuther, was committed to Humphrey in all these states. As McCarthy put it, "Those old labor people . . . just dug in and put their heads down, like buffaloes. You couldn't budge them." In the key states of New York and California, sentiment against the Vietnamese War was so strong that the leadership of organized labor was to a large extent frozen out of the delegations. There is strong anti-war sentiment in the Midwest, too, but it was not organized

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Pierotti, The N.Y. Post
"But Where Does It Say I Was Always Right?"

in a way that might have offset labor's rock-hard influence with the party's organizations in the selection of delegates. Sen. Robert Kennedy could have made a strong bid for organizational and labor support in these Midwest states; McCarthy could appeal only to the people. Not only was the labor leadership able to play a key role in delegate selection in these states but it was represented by 201 delegates in a labor caucus from forty-three states. In brief, the opposition strength in such states as California, New York, Oregon, Wisconsin, South Dakota, Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts could not offset Humphrey's support in the South, the border states, some of the Western states, and the big industrial states of the Midwest.

In Chicago, as at Miami, the convention nominated its leading organizational candidate. But the opposition in Chicago, unlike that in Miami, offered a real challenge in the key symbolic issue of Vietnam. The vote on the minority report on Vietnam—1,041½ for, 1,567¾ against, demonstrates the strength of the opposition. Paradoxically, opposition to the war is stronger among the Democrats than among the Republicans, but the Democratic Party must be charged with major responsibility for escalation and a special responsibility for the deceptive campaign of 1964. No doubt the Republicans will exploit popular opposition to the war, but they will not mount the kind of attack that was set forth in the minority plank that was offered in Chicago. Humphrey's friends are saying, of course, that he will now move in the direction indicated by the McCarthy-McGovern-Kennedy opposition. But he has publicly reaffirmed his support of the Administration's position. He owes his nomination to those elements in the party most closely identified with the established leadership. At Philadelphia in 1948, Humphrey was booed by the Dixiecrats; here at Chicago, in 1968, he was forced to rely on their support. His backing came essentially from Dixiecrats, the leadership of organized labor, the few old-line bosses left in the party and the entrenched leadership.

The cliché comment on this convention is that the New Deal coalition which kept the Democrats in power in all but eight of the last thirty-six years is now breaking up. Much more to the point, however, is the fact that the elements for a new coalition exist within the party. McCarthy brought many of these new elements into the party—young people, the younger, better-educated, new-salaried middle class, the expanded educational elites, et al.

The mass of Negroes may be disaffected with both parties, but it is certainly a pleasure to listen to roll calls in which Mississippi votes against the unit rule. In this connection the black caucus nominated an impressive candidate, Rev. Channing Phillips, and served notice that it no longer respects, if it ever did, the established party leadership.

Julian Bond, in the bifurcated Georgia delegation, and Fanny Lou Hamer, in the Mississippi delegation, symbolize the "New Politics" that is emerging in the South. The number of Negro delegates, 241, was higher than ever before, and the tide of opposition to discrimination against Negroes, Puerto Ricans and Mexican Americans is running strong, is growing and is irreversible. In addition—and this is one of the major achievements of McCarthy's candidacy—the party has begun to reform the convention system and to give individual voters a better chance to influence decision making through meaningful political action.

It is these currents, including the strong opposition to the war, which underscore the serious consequences that may result from the majority acceptance of the Johnson legacy. The forces of the "New Politics" were strongly represented at this convention. Under the leadership, for example, of Jesse Unruh, a new-style boss who has learned something about the New Politics, the California delegation held only open caucuses as did many other delegations, and the McCarthy-Humphrey-McGovern debate before the Californians was a model of its kind.

Listening in on some of the state caucuses, I was impressed by the desire of delegations to win the right to more meaningful participation in political decision making at every level. The Wisconsin delegation is a fine example of the New Politics. As Miles McMillin of the Madison *Capital Times* said to me, most of the Wisconsin delegates "came out of nowhere." Few of them have had prior political experience, but it has not taken them long to learn the techniques. Today this delegation constitutes the Democratic Party in Wisconcin. Vietnam is the issue, as one delegate put it, which "brought us together." A professor led the discussion of the reports on Vietnam, and the chairman, Donald Peterson, a businessman, performed like a veteran. Jay Sykes, a newcomer in politics (incidentally a *Nation* contributor), played a key role in McCarthy's victory in Wisconsin. At the caucus on the Vietnam planks, a pleasant middle-aged housewife fore-

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closed what might have been some disruptive heckling from a minority by her mild but firm insistence that the delegates stick to the issues.

The Democrats cannot afford to permit these new elements to leave the party; they hold the key to its future —if it has a future. Despite the rigging, wire pulling and other Daley tactics—with the big man signaling his wishes to various chairmen on the floor—and despite the size of the Humphrey vote, one sensed the existence just beneath the surface of a strong political insurgence which could not break through, in part because it did not quite know how and also because the old hands were still operating the controls. In 1972 it could be a different story. Because this potential exists it is a national misfortune that the party did not repudiate Johnson, as the people had done. The party is now stuck, if not with him then at least with his legacy: a gravely weakened party structure, the possibility of a walkout of those elements most needed to reorganize and revivify the party, and the awesome burden of defending the Johnson-Humphrey record on Vietnam. By failing to repudiate the Johnson legacy, the Democrats have not only improved Richard Nixon's chances of winning in November, they have also gravely hobbled Democratic nominees in every state.

John MacLean of the Chicago *Tribune* reports that when Hubert Horatio learned that he had been nominated he jumped to his feet and started clapping his hands. "How about that?" he shouted as he threw his arms around Mrs. Fred Harris, chairman of the United Democrats for Humphrey, and kissed her. When the image of his wife flashed onto the colored television sets in his suite, he said, "Mom, I wish you were here now." He turned then to a roomful of friends, aides and newsmen, and his voice quivering with elation said, "Look how pretty she looks" (as indeed she did), and leaned over to kiss her image on the set.

Elation at such a moment is to be expected, and from such a man as the nominee it is certain to be mawkish, but on this occasion Mr. Humphrey radiated a joy that was in bizarre contrast to the wicked excesses occurring on the streets beneath his window.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN AUGUST

Schweik & the Russian Bear

PATRICK D. HAZARD
Mr. Hazard is a member of the English department of Beaver College.

The clichés of our half-solicitous, half-envious friends about the riskiness of going, the excitement of being where the action is, was far from the reality of coexisting with the Russians from Cierna to Tisou to Bratislava. Not that my wife and I felt none of the factitious anxiety which Raymond Williams has suggested Western media whipped up with their foolishly "friendly" coverage of the Czechs' mini-cold war; it was hard to suppress a very real shiver at the sight of a Tommy gun-manned watchtower on the border between West Germany and Czechoslovakia. But our first contact with Czech officialdom a few minutes later was hardly geopolitical: the Banlon-frocked moneychangers aboard our train could have been, from the pert looks of them, any second-generation American Slavs at any Midwestern state university near Cleveland or Pittsburgh. (But their flattered cross-talk to each other when they realized we wanted to know where in Prague to find more poets like Miroslav Holub and more films like *Closely Watched Trains* would be hard to imagine among their American contemporaries.)

Our being there "at the historic moment" was mostly chance. After a year of teaching Americans in England, we had qualified for a National Union of Students tour. We reluctantly abstained from Greece to punish the colonels, and long before Dubcek's heroic fortnight, had signed on for Czechoslovakia with thirteen British university students or recent graduates and another American. Not that we were uninterested in what was going on there. Our political awakening had dated approximately from F. O. Matthiessen's suicide over another Eastern European Socialist crisis in the 1950s, and we were eager to see for ourselves "what communism was like." We wanted to believe that socialism could renew itself, that its overbureaucratized ugliness could wither away under the scorn and joy of Czech cartoonists, film makers, writers. Long depressed by the playpen atmosphere of American television, we wanted to believe what we had read about the revolutionary role Czech TV had played in the post-January examination of the national conscience.

So, as the crisis mounted in the fortnight before our departure, we anxiously scanned the dispatches from Prague over morning coffee, gauging whether it would be chicken to back out at the last moment. I cite these feelings at length because I think they illustrate how misleading most of the attitudes inherited from the cold war turn out to be when people—even those who make some special effort to be broadminded—risk their first visit behind (note, not simply "the other side of") the iron curtain. And these (ex post facto) uncredible assumptions which we brought to our visit (four days in Prague, three in Bratislava, six in the cities and villages of Eastern Slovakia from Poprad to Kosice) may help to explain the paradoxical exhilaration and depression we brought back from our possibly too bookish tour.

The first, and ultimately only essential, truth to record about the gray socialism that Czech intellectuals

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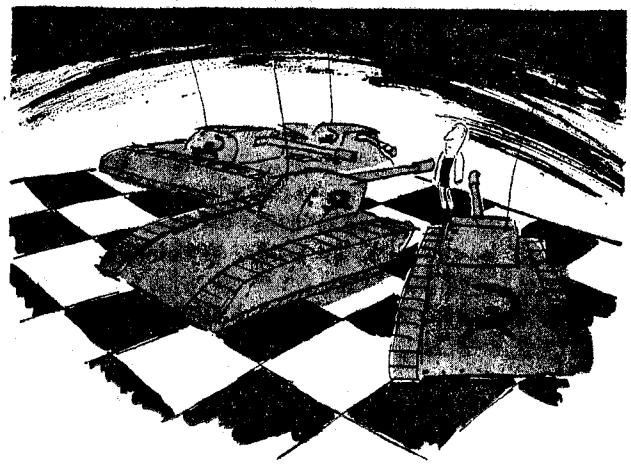

David Myers—Evening News, London
Czech!

are revolting against is that it is indeed revolting. Even to one whose eyes were weaned on the squalor of Midwestern American motorscapes, today's Czechoslovak vistas must be seen to be discredited. Reading Mencken's "Libido of the Ugly" in a copy of *Writers in Revolt* that our American undergraduate was carrying, we concluded that his archetypal patch of desolation along the 25 miles of railroad track between Greensburgh and Pittsburgh would look almost Edenic by comparison with the bomb-site drabness all over Czechoslovakia. This is the more ironic because Mencken makes the point that the Central European immigrants inhabiting those steel mill towns had made a mighty poor bargain when they traded their quaint Slovakian villages for the infernal river valleys of the coal and steel magnates. It's not just the prevailing torn-up atmosphere—sewer and cable lines "temporarily" dug up, and left behind wooden protective fences which looked as though they had weathered more than one winter; half-erected ski jumps in tourist-development areas, with the missing steel beams complacently rusting away in a crazy heap. And it's not only the run-down quality of public services: clogged bathrooms in trains, bulbless light fixtures (under-illumination is a national vice, especially in museums), unrunning hot water in huge dormitory complexes. Beyond all this, it is the excruciating quality of recent building that is so discouraging.

We walked with a recent British civil engineering graduate through two so-called construction sites in the high-prestige tourist area of Stary Smokovec. It didn't require his professional comment to make us understand that in front of the local post office we were watching the slowest bricklayer in the history of mortar. An amateur could also see that the rubbly bricks he was so meticulously laying one on another were no inducement to speed. That was one Czech structure that would never beat the considerable snows of the High Tatry mountains this coming winter. And down the road, two other workers were hacking phlegmatically at great boulders, chipping them down to size for insertion in a wooden wall form. They might beat the winter, if it was very late. I suspect that this is the kind of disarray that prompted *Czechoslovak Life* to editorialize in its August issue:

> The complete abolition of small-scale private enterprise, which exists to a greater or lesser degree in most of the other Socialist countries, is one of the reasons why local services are at such a low level in Czechoslovakia. To encourage a return to skilled crafts like carpentry and plumbing, national committees last year issued over 20,000 permits to private craftsmen. A law establishing the conditions under which individuals may set up shop will probably be passed before the end of the year. It is envisaged that permission will be granted not only to individuals and members of their families but to groups of individuals working in related crafts. Equipment could be owned or borrowed, and proprietors may also be given the right to train one apprentice.

But the oddest reaction, to one indoctrinated by Western capitalist dependence on creature comforts, is the paradoxical spiritual exhilaration amidst all this physical ugliness. And this is not necessarily a matter of cerebral highmindedness. On an electric tram one day in the mountains, I struck up a conversation with a steel worker from Brno returning from a holiday with his wife and 11-year-old son. He was carving traditional designs on a walking stick he had cut in the forest, as a summer souvenir for his son. The postcard stands and shops are flooded with crude parodies of this craft, slickly shellacked *kitsch*, a Czech equivalent of African airport art. But the man from Brno, with whom we carried on in German a clumsy but satisfying conversation on politics and industry, on his grown children and on this his second family, showed us how, in a train jouncing down a mountainside, he carved this stick, ingeniously using the knots in the pine to make variations on traditional patterns. Enchanted by his skill, I asked where one could buy such a present for my son back home (unaware then that he was making it for his own). You can't buy this kind, he told me, you have to make them yourself. You don't sell them, but you can give them away. Generosity feeds benignly on itself, and a boy in Brno now wears my wristwatch. On the bus to Presov, a very ordinary lady was wearing her Sunday-best apron—another brilliant everyday improvisation on traditional themes, the commonest black shiny cotton transfigured by what one is reduced to calling "modern" juxtapositions of green, beige and brown.

The state-run crafts shops attempt to market these everyday arts, but only in Kosice, the least metropolitan of the big cities, did we find materials that even approached in quality the do-it-yourself crafts of the Slovaks. Surely the collections of such materials gathered in the Eastern Slovakian Museum at Kosice are among the most splendid anywhere in the world. It is perhaps significant, too, that the exhibition of Russian useful arts (mostly ceramics and textiles) at the Eastern Slovakian Gallery in Kosice was as vigorous and true as the exposition of Socialist Realism next to the statue of Jan Hus in Prague was complacently tawdry. The Czech (and especially Slovak) capacity to hang onto traits in their culture which protect a human scale in the midst of grandiose bureaucratic failure is a precious legacy they bring into the 20th century. It is part of their Schweikmanship, a tactic learned at infinite cost over centuries of brutal interventionism—Tartars, "benevolent" medieval German economic developers, anti-Hussite mercenaries in search of vacated estates, Bo-

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hemian book-burning Jesuits, Hapsburg anti-nationalist overlords, Nazis and now the Russians.

It behooves the Russian occupiers to read *The Good Soldier Schweik*. It should give them second thoughts about the costs of Russifying Czech Communists. Our Prague guide, who had given up teaching history to be a grandmotherly baby sitter, proudly told us, a week before the Russian occupation, how the city hall architects conned the Nazi authorities out of dismantling the fine Mikolas Ales mosaics in the entranceway to the old Town Hall: They claimed the whole tower would come tumbling down if the occupiers tried to expunge the fighting words worked into the design.

Perhaps the most useful historical tradition the Czechs take very seriously is not forgiving those who have the best of intentions for "helping" them. Peter Cheloicky, the 16th-century Bohemian proto-anarchist whom Tolstoy praised for his prescience, had some savage observations to make in *The Net of Faith* (1521) on another vanguard elite: "It is thus as regards the poverty of the monks: If it were true poverty it would be blessed, but their poverty is insatiable and endures no want; therefore has it only the name of poverty. . . . And if a poor monk obtains such abundance for his dinner table that he disdains beef and delicious peas with fat bacon, but wags his tail when he sees game, birds, or other delicacies that are better than peas, then he has got himself a good livelihood by his begging; and he and his companions the other monks have made a better business out of begging than some squire who has a plough and two fields, or even a large farm."

The night after the mendacious Russian leaders had made their ritual visit there, we were taken to the Slavin memorial high above Bratislava by two young architecture students who wanted to show us the best view of their city. They amused us with anti-Russian jokes and stories (and hearty but unsynchronized laughter, because each story was filtered through a babel of Slovak, French, German and English). They pointed to the flaring red exhausts of the petrol refinery along the Danube and groused bitterly that the Russians sent them crude oil and they sent it back, refined, free. They noted bitterly that the American Army had no comparable monument in Pilsen, and openly wished that they hadn't stopped there.

Perhaps it is unfair, even to the Russian occupiers. Americans lost no 20 million in the war against the commonly hated German. But the Russians had better face the utter disillusion of the Czechs with Stalinist rigidity. The students we talked with simply don't accept agitprop ideologies. They regaled themselves with puns on how the Czech pronunciation of democracy comes out sounding "crazy." And they openly mocked tipsy workers at a Danube café who were trying to bait us with workers'-solidarity slogans. The overflowing Sunday churches in Slovakia, with worshipers standing outside the doors in the rain, were offering prayers, we were told, for the success of Dubcek. That is a reality of character which not many Czech quislings will have the courage to buck. Russia's bad conscience about the pressure for liberalization at home has sucked it over the brink in Czechoslovakia. Judging from what we saw of Czech disenchantment with failing slogans and their joy in the new feeling of freedom, the Russians are going to regret this precipitate step. Their cure may well cause them more pain than the infection they wanted to stop. For the Czechs are not melodramatic Hungarians, ready to assault a tank with upraised hands. If I were a Russian occupier, I'd watch my fuel lines. There's more than one way for a Schweik to sweet-talk a Russian bear into wishing he had never left home.

The Voices of Prague

BENJAMIN B. PAGE

Mr. Page, who studied for three years at Charles University in Prague, who married a Czech girl, and who participated in a Christian Peace Conference in Prague last April, was returning to the United States by way of that city just before the Russians moved. In the tense atmosphere that then prevailed, he noted down a number of conversations with Czechs in various walks of life. These give, as he says, some idea of the atmosphere within Czechoslovakia to which the Russians were responding. There was a good deal of disorganization and even uncertainty as to leadership. At the same time, says Mr. Page, "it was a beautiful sight to see Czechs walking with a springy step, an almost moving sight to see the Czech flag flying alone without the Soviet flag beside it, for the first time in twenty years."

Mr. Page does not name his informants, but identifies them by occupation.

We have our own Hyde Park. We hold meetings where we say anything we want. Some people even make love during the speeches. We also now have our own Maoists, which is as it should be. No one pays much attention to them, which is also as it should be. (*Student.*)

Prague has become a liberal's paradise. But if you make a noise that's even slightly critical, all the liberals jump on you, denouncing you as a Stalinist or Novotny-ist. It's almost worse than it was before, for us, except that we've been able to discover each other. (*Leftist-"Maoist"-Poet.*)

Give us another five or six years and we'll have most of the industry back in private hands. (*Economics student.*)

When Tito was here, he was cheered almost as much as Dubcek. Thousands of people went out to meet him.

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He deserves it. For twenty years he's been fighting alone, and now the world is beginning to see how right he has been. Sure, the Yugoslavs are a little jealous of all the attention we have been getting, but then we're going much further than they ever have. (*Journalist.*)

We are the first country to develop an anti-police terror. The police are scared to do anything. They just stand and look—or wave their arms and hope car drivers will obey. But people can do anything they want here now—except the poor police. They're scared that if they do anything they will be accused of brutality, Stalinism, or both. (*Radio commentator.*)

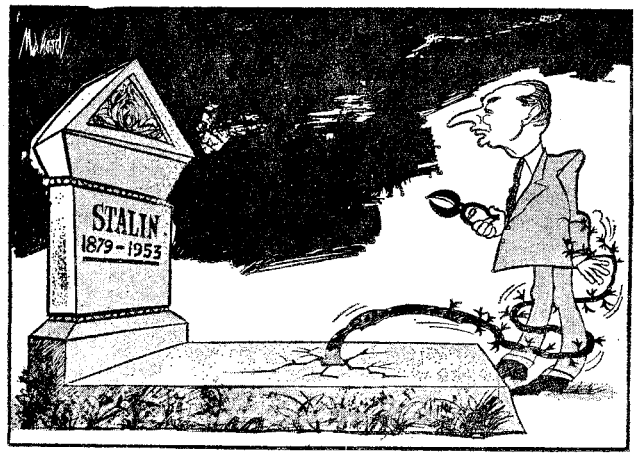
We're so liberal now that our crime rate is almost as high as yours. There have been eighteen murders just in Prague so far this year—most of them still unsolved. Robberies are committed on the streets in broad daylight. The hippies have an organization and a central committee —and completely disown the hooligans, who seem to be the bad ones. But it's hard to tell them apart. Maybe it's not quite safe here any more, but at least it's a lot freer than it was. (*Journalist.*)

When Svoboda became President, he declared a general amnesty—it's a tradition with us. But over 300 of the criminals set free are already back in jail. Now maybe the crime rate will go back down. (*Waiter.*)

Smrkovsky (President of the National Assembly) looked good at first, but it seems pretty clear now that he is a very sympathetic man but really not very smart. He's a bit of a clown. (*Student.*)

Dubcek and Smrkovsky are both puppets. It's people like Sik and Cisar who are really in control. These are the guys who want our economy to get even worse so that the only way to save it will be to borrow large amounts from West Germany. They turned down a Soviet offer of a hard-currency loan. They say that Czechoslovakia belongs naturally to the Central European economic community, which in effect means Germany. (*"Maoist" Student.*)

It's a little ironic that just when they are finally planning to build a statue to Masaryk over on the Petrin hill, the country he founded seems to be coming apart. Bohemia and Slovakia were federated under the first republic, that's not new. But now Moravians are talking about wanting their own internal government—so are the Silesians and some of the Hungarians along the border, and even the Germans still in Bohemia and Moravia. A bunch of gypsies recently put together what they called a government and wrote the UN. Some people even go so far as to claim that Slovakia is a Slavic nation and belongs to the Easern bloc, but that Bohemia has always had stronger affinities to the West and to German and Austrian economies and hence should be separate from the East and maybe federated with Austria or actually part of the Western bloc. Even Otto Hapsburg has been getting a half-decent press in our country. And what is frightening is that some of those who talk like this, still privately, are in responsible positions. (*Writer.*)



Mahood—The Times, London

The Central Committee—my God you should see it. It's filled with intellectuals like Kosik and the Philosophy Institute crew who say it should be a small, minority party in a Parliament. These damn liberals, they are scared for their own positions in the Party because if the workers ever got mobilized the liberals would be out on their ears. You know it's very interesting to see how quiet the workers have been over the last few months. They tried to make some strikes last spring, but the liberals told them that strikes were a capitalist phenomenon and that they should work even harder under the new economic system. But the workers know that the fruits will go to the intellectuals; workers have already been asked to make more sacrifices, but no one mentions anything of the sort in connection with the intellectuals. That's why the intellectuals are scared, and why they want a small Communist Party, composed just of themselves with no mass membership. (*"Maoist" Journalist.*)

Not just small shops, but big industry and banking, and maybe even things like medicine should be privately controlled. The state can't do everything; that's the problem here—it has tried to. Look at your country—the highest living standard in the world, the most modern medical techniques, a very efficient distribution of high quality products, all of this you have because the state just worries about politics. (*Medical student.*)

I've just come back from Greece. You Westerners must have a guilty conscience or something. That country is no Fascist dictatorship. A year ago, I'd have far preferred that kind of "fascism" to what we had here then. The CIA did a magnificent job there, a very well done maneuver. And they're doing a pretty good job here, too. I don't say that Dubcek and the rest are conscious agents, or anything, but few of us would be surprised to learn that CIA money has been involved. But, as in Greece, it's all to the good. (*Journalist.*)

Of course! A lot in what we're doing, and even more in what we want to do is counterrevolutionary. But what

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is tragic is that you Americans do not know how much it would be in your interest to help us. Our state treasury is so empty that people are bringing their old gold and jewelry to the state bank account, and you goddamn Americans won't let us have that gold of ours you have been keeping since the end of the last war. (*Radio commentator.*)

We are absolutely defenseless if the Russians want to do anything. We feel quite certain that there is an agreement between Moscow and Washington, that in return for the Soviets taking no action in Vietnam, Johnson has promised them a free hand with us. Sure, each side will continue to denounce the other's actions, but if anything happens, we're absolutely defenseless. (*Journalist.*)

For the workers—and maybe the leftists—an intervention might not be so bad, but they're the only ones. Not long ago some workers sent a letter to their "adopted" factory in the Soviet Union criticizing some aspects of our situation. The Soviet press published it, too. A bunch of youths went in and created problems in their factory. I don't agree with that kind of action, but those workers had no business to be critical of situations they don't really understand. All they think of is their beer, and if a return to the old system will keep their pay from going down, then they might not be that opposed to a restoration. Sure, they'd probably resist an actual invasion, along with everyone else, on nationalistic grounds. But we must be careful, because many of them would probably not support the new Party or state leadership for its own sake. (*Liberal teacher.*)

It's really quite sad. We Czechs have never had the bad feelings toward the Russians that the Poles have had traditionally. When we were under the Austrians and Hitler, we even looked to the Russians as our saviors. After the war, Soviet troops were welcomed with much real joy and hope. And in twenty-three years the Soviets alone have destroyed all that. The tragedy is that with a little foresight they could have helped us make this country into a real showplace. We were the only Socialist country with any industry at the end of the war, and both socialism and the Soviets were extremely popular. But all those bastards did was to rob and exploit us. It's so bad now that they haven't been able to find one Czech willing to play a Janos Kadar role for them, and don't think they haven't been looking. That's probably why they haven't taken any action so far—they have no one to put in Dubcek's place. Novotny? Poor Tonda is so discredited that not even the Russians would be so stupid as to try to put him back in. (*Journalist.*)

TRUCK GREASE ON CAPITOL HILL

CHARLES RABB
Mr. Rabb is a reporter in the Washington office of the New York Daily News.

A persistent Iowa Congressman, Rep. Fred Schwengel (R.), is challenging the politically formidable trucking lobby for its freehanded attempts to slide special-interest legislation through Congress. Schwengel wants the House Ethics Committee to investigate the "embarrassing circumstances" surrounding the American Trucking Associations' campaign contributions to key Congressmen who cast committee votes for a bill to permit wider, longer and heavier trucks on the interstate highway system. So far, the Ethics Committee, that toothless watchdog of House morality, has shown not the least interest. In the view of its chairman, Rep. Melvin Price (D., Ill.), if any impropriety occurred it was committed by the trucking lobby and is thus beyond the jurisdiction of his committee.

While Price has been ignoring the fact that it takes two parties to make a deal, Schwengel has been firing away in House speeches at the bill itself and at the tactics used to clear it for House consideration. His efforts attracted so much attention that the bill's supporters abandoned their plans to bring it to a vote before Congress recessed for the Republican and Democratic conventions. The bill is still on the House calendar and can be called up at any time.

High stakes are involved for the nation's motorists. The bill would permit trucks using interstate highways to increase their maximum width from 8 feet to 8½ feet, their maximum weight per axle from 9 tons to 10 tons, and their maximum total weight from 36 tons to 69 tons. It would put no limit on truck length.

Schwengel and other opponents contend the increased weight limits could add as much as $3 billion to federal highway costs for upgrading and strengthening roads and bridges. The American Association of State Highway Officials warns that the higher weight limits would reduce highway pavement life 20 per cent and raise resurfacing costs 30 per cent. The American Automobile Association fears the bill would open the door to "highway trains" which would eventually make the interstate system so hazardous that motorists would be forced to use other roads.

The Johnson Administration—obviously not unaware of the truckers' political muscle—backed the bill on the ground that it would reduce trucking costs, and presumably save money for the public.

Opponents charge that the bill was rushed through the Public Works Committee in forty minutes, although they had been assured by Rep. John C. Kluczynski (D., Ill.), chairman of the Roads subcommittee and sponsor of the bill, that they would have sufficient time to propose amendments. Schwengel says the measure cleared the Rules Committee with no notice being given to its opponents that it was up for consideration. The bill passed

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the Senate on April 4, when only seven Senators were on the floor.

All this would have been interesting, but perhaps routine. However, Nick Kotz, a reporter for the Des Moines *Register*, later disclosed that many lawmakers who cast crucial committee votes for the measure and looked after other bills involving the trucking industry had received campaign contributions from the truckers.

According to reports filed with the Clerk of the House, eleven of the thirteen Democrats on the House Public Works Committee received in the past two years campaign contributions from the truckers. A total of $3,000 went to Kluczynski and his fund-raising group. Committee chairman George H. Fallon (D., Md.) received $1,000, as did ranking Democrats John A. Blatnik (Minn.) and Robert E. Jones (Ala.) and ranking Republican William H. Harsha (Ohio). Other committee members with less seniority were given $500 contributions.

Benefits also found their way to some members of the Rules Committee, which gave the truck weights bill final clearance before sending it to the House. Contributions ranged from $500 to two payments totaling $2,500 for Rep. B. F. Sisk (D., Calif.).

Contributions of $500 were sprinkled liberally through the House Ways and Means Committee. A bill increasing the highway use tax on diesel fuel, which the Administration originally wanted moved along with the truck weights bill, is now stalled in Ways and Means.

Seven of nine members of a House Commerce subcommittee and six other members of the full committee received contributions of from $500 to $2,000. The subcommittee and then the full committee approved early in July a bill, now law, which amended a 1935 statute permitting farm cooperatives to earn up to 50 per cent of their income by carrying commercial freight on return trips from delivering farm products. The new measure limits that outside income to 15 per cent of total tonnage and strikes hardest at co-ops which have been hauling for the Defense Department at reduced rates. The Budget Bureau opposed the bill.

In the Senate, Howard H. Baker, Jr. (R., Tenn.) and J. Caleb Boggs (R., Del.) of the Public Works Committee each received $1,000. Sens. Alan Bible (D., Nev.) and Peter H. Dominick (R., Colo.), Senate sponsors of the truck weights bill, also received $1,000 apiece. Senate Republican leader Everett M. Dirksen (Ill.) received $2,000. He is a member of the Senate Finance Committee, which has jurisdiction over the legislation of fuel taxes.

Sen. A. S. Mike Monroney (D., Okla.), who sits on the Commerce Committee and the Appropriations subcommittee on Public Works, both bodies being of interest to the trucking industry, was given $2,375—the largest single contribution listed by the truckers.

The Truck Operators' Non Partisan Committee, the campaign financing unit of the ATA, listed campaign contributions of $83,000 over the last two years, almost all of it funneled to Congressmen strategically placed to push trucking legislation. The extent to which the truckers have contributed to state campaign organizations outside the jurisdiction of Congress is of course anybody's guess. (Neal Roach, trucking lobbyist, helped manage the July 31, $500-a-plate dinner for Vice President Humphrey, which reportedly raised more than $1 million for the Vice President's political campaign. Roach's helpfulness on this occasion may to some degree explain the Administration's reluctance to oppose certain trucking legislation.)

With the record of the truckers' Congressional contributions thus spread before the public, Schwengel turned to the House Ethics Committee. "These official records," Schwengel said in a letter to Price, "show a pattern of contributions directed by the trucking industry to influence committee members concerned with trucking legislation. . . .

"The intent of this pattern of giving was clearly stated by the [truckers'] campaign committee treasurer Frank Grimm who said: 'We do what we can for those on the committees who might help us.' "

Taking care not to offend too many of his colleagues, Schwengel added that he was not implying that any Congressman "was actually unduly influenced" by a trucking campaign contribution, but that every member of Congress involved should be given a chance to disavow publicly "the intent stated by the truck lobby."

Price's reaction was to emphasize Schwengel's denying any suspicion of "undue influence." Since Schwengel hadn't made charges against any Congressman, Price blandly explained to me, the Ethics Committee has no case to consider, just correspondence. Schwengel's letter, he continued, will be considered along with other correspondence when the committee meets this month.

It is not particularly surprising that Price has only modest ambitions for his committee (it hasn't taken a case since it was created in 1967, following the Adam Clayton Powell hearings). A dependable, hard-working, twelve-term Congressman from East St. Louis, Ill., Price was chosen by the Democratic leaders when they reluctantly decided that the Powell furor made an Ethics Committee essential. Price could be counted on to run a committee the House could live with.

Schwengel hopes to create enough continuing noise to hold up the truck weights bill, and the campaign disclosures improve his chances. Meanwhile, the incidents to date have left a persistent odor. A Louis Harris poll earlier this year reported that public confidence in Congress had reached its lowest ebb in five years. The zeal of certain Congressmen on behalf of the trucking lobby will do nothing to improve that point of view.

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THE COLLEGES ARE PULLING OUT

GABRIEL KOLKO
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The past academic year was the most crisis-ridden and violent in the history of the American university, and on a substantial and growing number of campuses 1968-69 will be no different. Indeed, this year will probably be the last opportunity for many universities to avoid the continuous turmoil that surely will overtake the major schools which refuse to make the adjustments to new student-faculty moods that will ultimately upset administrators' complacency to the core. For the sustained crisis of the war in Vietnam has effected an irreversible shift from concern with structure and alienation inside the university to the much more corrosive issue of the relationship of academia to society itself. It is the transition from Berkeley, now a rather placid school, to Penn, Wisconsin and Columbia. [For the development of this shift, see Mr. Kolko's "Universities and the Pentagon," *The Nation,* October 9, 1967, and "The War on Campus: Untangling the Alliances," *The Nation,* December 18, 1967.]

The radicalizing process of the past year contains, too, the fact that the most committed anti-war constituency among students and faculty increasingly recognizes the impotence of past demonstrations, petitions and political campaigns to alter Washington's course on Vietnam. And it is no less important that frequent recent successes in opposing Pentagon-university ties have encourageed university activists everywhere. No other anti-war activity has had such large and practical results, or caused the Pentagon frankly to admit, as John S. Foster, Jr., director of Defense research, acknowledged to Congress last March, that the military had a substantial and growing problem on their hands.

The more public manifestations of student-faculty resistance to military research and recruiting on campus—sit-ins and battles with police being the most dramatic—were followed by quiet attempts on many campuses to head off future turmoil by withdrawing from classified and military research. It became increasingly obvious to many administrators, though by no means to a majority, that the practical disruptive consequences of working for the Pentagon far outweighed the monetary gains. Given the government's vague draft-exemption policy on graduate students, which threatens chaos for university planners, and the reduction of federal funds for education and non-military research, to pay for the war, university executives have permitted themselves unprecedented open criticism of at least a few of the more minor consequences of the war.

By the end of 1967, Washington had taken several important defensive steps that failed to stem the persistent disintegration in their university-based research system. The Pentagon's November assertion that it would no longer give classified contracts for "basic" research impressed few, for the Defense Department failed to alter its existing secret contracts and later hinted that it would merely change the term "basic" to "exploratory development" and pursue its old policy of secrecy. The Foreign Area Research Coordination Group (FAR), coordinating body for the CIA, Pentagon, State Department and other agencies offering contracts in foreign-area social science research, released new guidelines on December 19 to head off abrupt ruptures with various academic researchers and to add a gloss of respectability to its functions.

But the new FAR policy left unclear whether its more benign members would, in effect, front for CIA and Defense contracts that the university might otherwise reject: ". . . no assurances can be given that it [research] will in fact be used or that other uses will not also be made of it, by either the supporting agency or others." The policy played down review of all research for possible classification, and security clearances for all participating scholars, but the rules remained in effect.

At the beginning of this year it was apparent that the government was exploring still other means for patching up rapidly declining relations with the academic community. Sen. Fred Harris of Oklahoma submitted a bill to create a National Foundation for the Social Sciences, which members of the Senate freely admitted would take over various CIA contracting activities, and a reorganization bill permitted the National Science Foundation to take on social science projects which neither the CIA nor the Pentagon could easily place. Vice President Humphrey, speaking to a House Science subcommittee last January, blustered that "if the university wants to exclude itself from the life of the nation . . . the government can set up its own laboratories . . ." but that very month *Science* reported that many laboratories were freezing and downgrading their participation in the seventy-five federal research labs, and that at least one had broken off all ties, causing a "crisis" in the program of the laboratory involved.

Humphrey's contrived optimism scarcely impressed knowledgeable observers, including those in the Pentagon, who saw only more trouble ahead. During January, Cornell's trustees voted, under faculty-student pressure, to sever ties to its Aeronautics Lab, which does more than two-thirds of its $30 million in annual contract research for the Pentagon. This June, Cornell moved to sell the laboratory; it will probably be taken over by a private firm—a step that lab executives claim will lose it $12 million a year in contracts and seriously diminish its effectiveness.

At the University of Michigan, one of the key military research centers, various faculty bodies approved a resolution which, if rigorously applied, could drastically reduce

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classified research there. Though rather vague on the standards it would apply to assure the contributions to knowledge required of all contracts, the Michigan policy contains a unique clause that rejects all secret research whose purpose is "to destroy human life or to incapacitate human beings." This proviso has attracted much attention because of its obvious conflict with Pentagon research goals.

At the beginning of February, 433 leading French and Japanese scientists, including three Nobel Prize winners, publicly urged their American colleagues to refuse their personal or university participation in military research and to maintain "ethical and professional responsibilities" essential to an international community of scholars. This much discussed manifesto was well timed to reinforce the private misgivings of many traditionally conservative academics; several weeks later, George B. Kistiakowsky of Harvard, a major Pentagon science adviser for years, publicly broke all connection with the Defense Department. "There is a deep undercurrent of dissent within the scientific community," one Pentagon science expert admitted in response to the national attention Kistiakowsky received. Many of the best scientists, on whom the government could once freely call, were now unavailable, and there was emerging a crisis of individual conscience potentially of great importance to Pentagon research. Almost everyone admitted that the war in Vietnam was the cause of this growing alienation.

By last spring, when many universities, including even Berkeley and M.I.T., were already quietly, if too cautiously, seeking ways to reduce secret military research, the Institute for Defense Analysis became a national *cause célèbre* as a result of the SDS campaign against it at Columbia. IDA's connection with its twelve university affiliates has for years been a legal fiction, useful mainly for recruiting staff—a function which the final rupture with the universities will hardly affect. By March both Princeton and Chicago had formally prepared the way for such a break, and Chicago has since severed its ties, much to IDA's irritation. To prevent new defections, IDA reorganized itself in early June to reduce still further its nominal university ties. This divorce would have come even without the Columbia student crisis, but that unquestionably speeded its resolution.

But only Princeton, of the twelve former members, actually aids the IDA with physical plant—and could thus impede its work—and it is ironic that Columbia's main support to the Pentagon, its $4.8 million a year Hudson Laboratory, initially played almost no part in the student protest. However, Columbia's faculty-administration committee on external relations has already proposed to stop much, if not all, secret military research actually conducted under university auspices, and it is here that future faculty-student pressure is likely to prove most significant and create the basis for a unified and broader opposition to the stand-pat strategy employed at Columbia under President Grayson Kirk, now retiring.

Quite aside from the fact that Washington's priorities in Vietnam have begun to dry up scarce funds for education and legitimate research, it is now apparent to a growing number of university administrators that their complicity in the Vietnamese War—or future wars like it—can plunge their campuses into internal crises from which they may never fully recover. This was the lesson of the Penn experience, Columbia's continuing travail has deepened the point, and almost certain protests during the forthcoming year are likely to make the impression indelible on the minds of even the most conservative academic executives. If, contrary to occasional student fancies, the university is not the fulcrum whereby one overthrows society, the least that can be said is that it is the place from which one alters the university's own relationship to the military—and therefore the point from which anti-war efforts can have the most direct impact on the Pentagon's otherwise elusive power.

A deep university-military rupture has profound long-term implications for the course of the arms race and the manner, and places, in which the military applies its new technology. Military officials admitted to the House Appropriations Committee last March that research on most of the complex new weapons systems introduced in Vietnam had been initiated five to seven years ago essentially to fight a limited war in Europe. Similarly, the next stage in the U.S. arms race and research will concentrate primarily on a new aspect of warfare involving guerrillas and revolutionary masses rather than nuclear strategies. Moreover, future wars of this nature can occur in environments

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from the tropics to the Andes and each requiring its appropriate weaponry. Having finally assimilated the fact that it is going to face peasants rather than Russians, the Pentagon finds itself in serious need of research assistance and planning of the type in which only academics excel. In addition to conventional science, the enlistment of much larger numbers of social scientists and "behavioralists"—who, it is hoped, will be better able than the military to predict and manage the infinitely complex global political realities—will certainly become very important to the Department of Defense.

The Pentagon has been entirely frank about these needs and plans. It has indicated that its allocations for behavorial and social science research, the largest part of which goes to university centers, will increase from $34 million in fiscal 1966 to $51 million in 1969, and that it will also draw on the foreign area research authorized by the many other governmental agencies in FAR. And while John Foster at the Pentagon regrets that such research debilitates the life of universities accepting it, he also made it plain to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations last May "that it is the responsibility of the Department of Defense to have initiated those researches. . . ."

The Pentagon's determination to gain access to university social science began in 1967, when a National Academy of Sciences panel confidentially recommended that the Defense Department make a much more intensive and subtle commitment in this field. "Improving our research image," as the NAS report phrased it, requires calling "counterinsurgency" by a more polite name, and it means, as well, minimum use of secret research. Such tact on the part of the Pentagon was inevitable, if belated. It decided that declassification of as many contracts as possible, however military their value, would head off trouble by dulling academic consciences. What the Defense Department must fear most is the adoption by universities of standards which judge contracts by their intent, objectives and appropriateness to disinterested scholarship and humane values, rather than by whether or not they are classified. By such standards the Pentagon would lose all access to university talents.

The new academic year will probably see a continued diminution of university complicity with the Pentagon and the war. If this year is anything like the last, then perhaps the anti-war movement will secure a major and permanent achievement—perhaps its only one to date. The significance of that attainable goal may be less apparent in the current war than on occasions of future threats to other remote regions where the United States seeks to apply its power. For if the anti-war consciousness came too late to the campus to spare Vietnam from university-assisted terror and intrigue, in the next half-decade many more academics may be able to console themselves with the knowledge that they were neither silent nor ineffective during the years of America's torture of nations.

TALENT WITHOUT MONEY

DIXIE'S NEGRO CANDIDATES

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

If Northern white liberals wonder why Negroes have become somewhat disenchanted with their old allies, they can find at least one explanation in some of the recent political campaigns run by blacks in the South. In the first half of this decade, Northern well-wishers pumped many thousands of dollars—it would, in fact, probably total several million dollars—into the Negroes' efforts to break into the political process of Dixie. While that effort could hardly be termed a tremendous success even today, still, about 3 million Negroes are registered to vote in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas.

But recently when the Negroes, not exactly thrilled by the thought of giving their new votes to the same old white racist politicians, came up with some candidates of their own, they discovered that most Northerners with money were apparently no longer interested in helping them. And of course they cannot hope for effective financial support from either race in the South.

It wouldn't matter so much if the black candidates were ex-cotton choppers with no qualification for leadership, but in fact many of the Negroes running in major races in the South this year have been outstanding men—witty, clever advocates with a flair for the kind of publicity that Southerners love so much in their political fights—and virtually all of them pushing the kind of alternative programs for reform that the region has not heard in recent years.

Probably the most exciting black-white fight this year has been that waged between Maynard H. Jackson, Jr., 30-year-old Atlanta attorney, and U.S. Senator Herman Talmadge, one of the most recalcitrant racists produced by Dixie in this generation. Talmadge tried at first to hoot Jackson out of the race, saying, with an unusual show of candor, that he couldn't take any opponent seriously who was unable to raise at least a million-dollar campaign fund. And Talmadge, who taps most of the big purses in Georgia, knew Jackson could never do that.

But within a month after saying he didn't take Jackson seriously, Talmadge went back on television to deny sourly that he had ever said such a thing. Reporters found that the Senator had become touchy, snappish, quarrelsome, and they began to speculate that he was running scared. Not that Jackson—what with the poverty of his campaign treasury and the inexperience of his campaign staff—has much chance to win in the September 11 primary. But he is very likely to run strong enough to show the vulnerability of the Talmadge machine, which has not been seri-

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ously challenged in twenty years. Roy Harris, the old Georgia political kingmaker and president of the arch-segregationist Citizens Councils of America, was the man who transformed the playboy son of the legendary Gene Talmadge into the governor of Georgia two decades ago. He is too much of a professional not to enjoy the discomfort of the hollow man he helped create. "Ol' Hummon, he's in an unhappy situation," Harris said the other day, laughing. "A dignified United States Senator from the South can't recognize the existence of a nigger candidate, you know. Or at least he can't do it easily. And Jackson is likely to win as many votes as Arnall" (Ellis Arnall, the ex-governor, was defeated by Lester Maddox for the Democratic nomination in 1966, but he polled 360,000 votes in losing). Charles Pou, political editor of the Atlanta *Journal*, sees Jackson taking 80 per cent of the Negro turn-out (334,000 Negroes are registered in Georgia) and enough of the white vote (1.45 million registered), especially in the Atlanta area, to make Jackson's chances of victory at least worth discussing. Pou seldom guesses wrong.

As Negro families go in the South, Jackson's is well known; he is a grandson of John Wesley Dobbs, once a formidable name in black circles. He is young and aggressive, and he's raising issues that make him easily distinguished from Talmadge in other than skin coloration; he is against the war in Vietnam, is for repeal of anti-labor legislation such as section 14b of the Taft-Hartley Law, and is eager to bring federal anti-poverty money to Georgia.

And many of Georgia's opinion shapers, bless their hearts, have welcomed this challenge to the Talmadge suzerainty. The Atlanta newspapers are giving Jackson generous and sympathetic space. (During the governorship of Carl Sanders, when Talmadge thought Georgia was becoming more moderate, he became more moderate; but since 1964, when Georgia went Republican for the first time, he has switched back to his normal right-wing stance, and the Atlanta newspapers have lost much of their previous pro-Talmadge patience.) A typical comment is that published by Reese Cleghorn, an associate editor of the Atlanta *Journal*: Jackson's effort "is a campaign that may do this state more good than anything that has come along in state-level politics for a long time." And Ralph McGill predicted in his front-page *Constitution* column that Jackson could look not only to anti-Talmadge liberals for support but also to many small Georgia farmers who feel that Talmadge has sold them out for the financial benefit of the big farmers.

The one thing that cancels out all his good breaks is that Jackson lacks money. Lester Maddox is believed to have won the Democratic nomination for governor with an expenditure of only $40,000—which makes him a freak in just one more way. Most men would require at least ten times as much to run a good state-wide race, and a black man would require at least twenty times that sum. Jackson's office says he may be able to raise $100,000 by the end of the campaign, but they aren't sure. Very little of it is coming from the North. Jackson placed a small advertisement in *The New York Times*, soliciting financial support, but received back only about enough to pay for the ad itself.

Earlier this year, in South Carolina, another very promising Negro attorney-politician was easily defeated in his effort to unseat Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. There are many differences between Rivers and his challenger, George A. Payton, Jr., 39, of Charleston. For one thing Payton is a teetotaler while Rivers, according to the frequently repeated writings of Drew Pearson, is "the House drunk." But more important, Rivers is perhaps Congress' most vociferous advocate of an enlarged war-making machine; Payton is for cutting back on the Pentagon budget. Over the years Rivers has established so many military installations in his district that the federal payroll there now totals $300 million a year. Payton suggests that his Congressional district should start diversifying into peaceful industries now, rather than risk a postwar cutback and recession.

Not only was Payton bucking tradition in opposing Rivers he was also bucking the standard Negro leadership and the labor establishment; both have played along with Rivers for years because it profits them—or they think it profits them—to do so. The racial balance of the registered voters in the district is still heavily on the side of any white candidate, but not so much so that Payton, if he had received some campaign funds, could not have seriously pressed the old white-haired political hack. But of the $4,000 he spent on his race, only about $100 was sent in from Northern sympathizers.

Even so, the Rivers forces panicked at the opposition. When Payton's campaign looked spirited, Republicans who were planning on a primary of their own canceled it so that they could vote for Rivers.

A five-minute ad on television was the longest Payton could afford; he had a few thirty-second spots; altogether he spent about $800 on TV and nothing on newspaper advertising—not the sort of campaign, that is, to unseat a Congressman who has streets and schools named after him in Charleston. "If I had had even $10,000," said Payton later, "I could have given Rivers a heart attack. I wanted to run ads in the papers showing the kind of things he had voted for and against, the number of times he was absent. But I had nothing, absolutely nothing, in the newspapers. And I would have had to have ads because the papers blacked me out otherwise. There are nine counties in this district. If I had had between $60,000 to $90,000 for the campaign, which is about what Rivers spent, I could even make these people forget I was a Negro." Whether or not that is an overly optimistic view, it is a fact that for a while Payton had South Carolina politicians so upset that the legislature proposed a law that would have given Rivers a place on the ballot in November even if Payton knocked him off in the primary; this bill was set aside when Payton threatened to take the legislation to federal court.

In North Carolina, Dr. Reginald Hawkins, a dentist and United Presbyterian minister, made his race for the governorship on a nothing budget of $36,000, very little of which, he said, came from outside the state. "Gen-

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erally, the white money from the North dried up back when they found they couldn't run our lives," he commented. "If I had had $150,000, I could at least have run a strong second. We didn't have any television time to speak of. For getting Negroes to turn out, we had something even better than television—I called it 'telenegro.' But if we had had TV money we could have reached the poor whites, and I would have got a lot of their votes. I was the only candidate espousing the labor position, the small farmer's position. But labor, because it is racist, did not endorse me or give me money. Much of the press—especially in Charlotte—defamed me. And I figure election officials stole at least 80,000 of my votes; in the eastern section of the state they wouldn't allow my poll watchers to come in."

Defeat has apparently stung Hawkins past the point of accuracy. While the North Carolina State AFL-CIO voted only 55 per cent to give him an endorsement (short of two-thirds vote necessary to make the endorsement official), COPE immediately set up a Labor's Committee for Hawkins, headed by Jim Pierce of the Industrial Union Department, and this outfit went to work with devotion. As for the press, Hawkins had plenty of reason to complain, yet there was fair play, too, as in the Greensboro *Daily News* when associate editor Edwin M. Yoder wrote a long editorial recognition of Hawkins' qualities: "It requires no more than an hour's direct exposure to Dr. Reginald Hawkins, Charlotte dentist and first Negro candidate for governor, to sense that his impact this year could easily be underestimated. Dr. Hawkins is a witty, warm, blunt and passionate man with an ingratiating style of humor. Dr. Hawkins' campaign has opened under a cloud that arises, at least in part, from his willingness to risk professional standing in behalf of race—he is no black bourgeois. The more Dr. Hawkins talks about Carolina's low per capita income, its rock-bottom industrial wage, its lack of Negro—and poor white—influence in citadels of power, its distinct hostility to labor organization, its use of sales rather than luxury taxes, the more the blandness of other candidates may strike the voters."

A Negro candidate has no cause to complain when he can receive that sort of treatment in a major regional newspaper. Each of the three candidates mentioned here were, one way or another, taken seriously by their white neighbors. But Southern whites will not continue to take them seriously if it becomes apparent that without money a Negro candidate can get nowhere. And when the intelligent Negroes of the South once again find themselves dismissed as irrelevant, the bitterness and the move toward separatism will become even more pronounced. It is clear that the moneyed Northern liberal withdrew his purse from the Southern movement much too soon.

GENEVA IN ECLIPSE

MEDICINE AS A WEAPON

L. J. RATHER

Dr. Rather is a professor of pathology at Stanford University. During World War II he was for two years a flight surgeon in the Southwest Pacific; later, he was for five years a consultant to the Surgeon General's office. His most recent book is Mind and Body in Eighteenth Century Medicine *(Berkeley).*

When it is complained that the laws of warfare have been violated by U.S. military personnel in Vietnam with respect to the treatment of enemy wounded and captured, the customary answer is that such violations, where they occur, are contrary to U.S. Army policy. This reply was in fact valid until recently, when the Army began to countenance directives in its field manuals that plainly conflict with the Geneva and Hague agreements on which the laws of war are based. The Army's rewriting of the rules began in connection with guerrilla warfare and the Special Forces (the "Green Berets"), but now there are signs that all U.S. military forces may be involved. After a hundred years Geneva may be moving into eclipse. To see what is being lost a brief history of the Geneva movement is necessary.

A little more than a hundred years ago allied French and Italian armies faced the Austrians at Solferino in northern Italy. The battle began on the morning of June 24, 1859. When the defeated Austrians withdrew in the afternoon, nearly 42,000 killed and wounded men from both sides lay on the battlefield. Captured medical officers were not allowed to treat their own wounded. There was no provision for neutrality of military medical personnel working in the field, and experience in the past had shown that civilians who attempted to aid the wounded might be subject to attack from either side. The grossly inadequate medical services of the victorious French and Italian armies did make an attempt to care for the wounded of both belligerents on the field at Solferino, but within two days were required to move forward with the advancing allied troops.

A Swiss tourist, Jean Henry Dunant of Geneva, reached Solferino on June 25. With some other civilians he did what he could to alleviate the frightful suffering of the wounded soldiers left behind. While at this work, Dunant conceived his two great contributions: he saw the need for guaranteeing the neutrality of medical personnel and for establishing a civilian organization to supplement and oversee the treatment by belligerents of the killed, wounded and captured. This was the genesis of the Geneva and Hague Conventions on the one hand, and of the International Red Cross on the other.

The first Geneva Convention of 1864 was quickly signed by all European powers, but it was not until 1882 that President Arthur signed for the United States. Since then the United States has signed several revisions of the original agreement, most recently in 1929 and 1949.

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In full accord with the Geneva rules for the treatment of prisoners of war, Section III, para. 8 of the U.S. Army TM 8-220, March 5, 1941 (Medical Department Soldier's Handbook) states: "Officers, soldiers and other persons officially attached to armies, who are sick and wounded, will be cared for, *without distinction of nationality,* by the belligerent in whose power they are." Paragraph II of the same manual states: "Medical troops, installations and equipment are to be protected *so long as they are not used to commit acts injurious to the enemy.*" And in Section V, para. 675 of FM 8-10, March 28, 1942 (Medical Service of Field Units) the directive is: "Prisoners of war are disposed of the same as any other patients." It is unfortunate that an escape clause (uncomfortably reminiscent of the rule changes that appear at intervals on the wall of farmer Jones's barn in Orwell's *Animal Farm*) turns up on page 33 of FM 8-15, November 1961: "Sick and injured prisoners of war are treated and evacuated in normal medical channels *insofar as is possible*" (my italics).

Captain Howard Levy first called attention to the role of Special Forces in guerrilla warfare, and he is paying with a jail sentence for presuming to take ethical matters seriously. There is no doubt that he had grounds for doing so. FM 31-21, Special Forces Operations, spells the matter out quite clearly, defining counterinsurgency as "military, paramilitary, political, economic, psychologic and civic actions taken by, or in conjunction with, a government to prevent or defeat subversive insurgency." And included among the various kinds of "military civic action" is medical assistance. In this new concept of warfare medical care is a *weapon.* Yet the whole intent of the movement started by Dunant a hundred years ago was to separate medical care from military operations, to make medical personnel and equipment neutral.

But, the reader may say, these Army directives apply only in counterinsurgency actions and to a special variety of troops. Morally, that would be a quibble, but it is not even true. A wider scope has been proposed in an article appearing in the May, 1968, issue of the professional journal, *Military Medicine.* The article bears an innocuous title, "Medical Considerations in Internal Defense and Development," and is the work of the former Surgeon, J.F.K. Center for Special Warfare, Fort Bragg, N.C. The term counterinsurgency, we learn from this article, is now out of favor; "Internal Defense and Development" (ID/D) is preferred. The Special Forces having shown themselves "outstandingly useful and capable" in ID/D, their experience "may be useful to all medical units." For now "*all* (my italics) United States military forces must be prepared to engage in Internal Defense and Development." Indeed, there is much evidence that American military planners now see counterinsurgency as the warfare of the future. Medicine, says the author, "has proved to be an exceptionally useful instrument of national policy in ID/D operations." Medicine will help win for the legal government the "hearts and minds of the people."

What of care of the wounded? The "fallen American will receive all necessary care in the best hospitals available," the "wounded indigenous military will receive the best treatment possible within his military medical structure," while for the "wounded indigenous paramilitary soldier" the situation is admittedly "not so promising." Nothing is said here of wounded indigenous military and paramilitary soldiers of the opposing forces (let alone of whoever might turn out in some contingency to be the counterpart of the "fallen American"—the fallen Russian, the fallen Chinese, the fallen Pole?). The author is not entirely silent on the subject, for "another important facet of medicine in ID/D involves the denial of medical resources to the insurgents." In the context of the article this statement, shocking at first sight, seems to mean only that strict control over medical supplies and equipment is necessary in order that they do not reach the black market or the guerrilla underground. More disquieting is the statement that "much valuable intelligence can be gathered from a local medical system," since patients "under treatment are frequently very cooperative in revealing information about the guerrilla force." The commander should therefore "ensure that his medic is advised by intelligence experts." It is indeed easy to imagine how cooperation might be exacted from a patient under or about to receive medical treatment, but a more profound and far-reaching violation of medical ethics is difficult to conceive.

In the immediate past a man (whether physician or layman) chosen for military service in a war that he could not in conscience support, even a man who opposed all wars, might in good conscience accept substitute service in a medical unit of the U.S. Army with the assurance that he would have noncombatant status and could be equally devoted to the welfare of the wounded on both sides, to the extent that he came in contact with them. Where is that assurance now? Largely because of that assurance the general public has in the past been especially unsympathetic toward physicians who refused to serve in the armed forces. (Witness the recent response in newspapers to the large number of medical students at Stanford who announced their unwillingness to serve in the army in Vietnam. The students were, perhaps predictably, castigated by the local branches of the American Medical Association.) But where is the assurance now? Neither the general public nor physicians have been adequately informed of recent developments in army combat theory, whereby medicine is in the process of being transformed into just another tool of warfare.

The Hippocratic oath in its most recent form (that of the *Organization Mondiale de la Santé,* Geneva, September 10, 1948) contains some pertinent, although very broadly stated provisions. Perhaps remembering those German physicians of the Third Reich who blindly followed the orders of a criminal government, they enjoin the physician to consider the health of his patient his *first* care, to use his medical knowledge on no occasion, *even under threat,* against the laws of humanity, and to permit no consideration of religion, nation, race, party or social class to be interposed between him and his patient. The duty of the American Medical Association is to rule on ethical matters. We may hope that the attention of one of its committees will in the near future be directed toward the problem posed by the activities of the U.S. Army.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Chomsky's Revolution in Linguistics

ROBERT SKLAR
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Noam Chomsky, as a linguist and as a radical, lives in two worlds which are hardly aware of each other. To radicals he is the author of a formative essay on "The Responsibility of Intellectuals," Norman Mailer's cell mate after his arrest at last October's march on the Pentagon, a leading adult supporter of draft resistance; to linguists he is the controversial creator of a revolution in the study of language, a scientific revolution whose impact has already been felt not only in linguistics but in such other scholarly fields as psychology, biology, philosophy, English literature and education. If this essay on Chomsky's revolution in linguistics slights his current political views, it is only because they are more readily available and require no simplifying explanations. What matters is that Chomsky himself lives not in two worlds but in one. Chomsky's politics and his linguistics have always been more closely integrated than his colleagues in either field have ever suspected; and if the linguistics revolution succeeds, it cannot fail to have its impact on politics as well.

Chomsky's revolution in linguistics began more than a decade ago, at a time when scientists in all fields believed that science advances in a progressive way, through breakthroughs and new discoveries, by the patient or fortunate tracking down of an elusive answer to a tough old problem. It is only since Thomas S. Kuhn's influential and widely debated book on *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* appeared in 1962 that scientists have considered the possibility that scientific change takes place in a revolutionary way, by a struggle between the familiar mode of conducting a particular scientific field and a totally new one, with the new ultimately winning out and taking over the field. What has happened in linguistics since Chomsky appeared on the scene almost perfectly fits Kuhn's description of how a scientific revolution works.

A scientific revolution, as Kuhn describes it, differs from a political revolution chiefly in that the losers survive —often they go on with their work as if nothing had happened at all. Most scientific work, according to Kuhn, operates under the rules of what he calls normal science. All the researchers in a field operate on the basis of a shared paradigm, which Kuhn defines as something more than a theory and less than a world view. The paradigm provides a set of rules, defining the boundaries of a field and determining the questions a scientist can properly ask.

Given the nature of science, however, the time comes when new techniques, or simply an accumulation of data, begin to create difficulties for the reigning paradigm. Researchers are confronted with anomalies in their work which would not be there if their field were functioning normally, and the science enters a period of crisis. A successful revolution is not always inevitable at this point, but if it comes, according to Kuhn, it will be led by a young scientist, or an outsider new to the field, who asks new questions and produces a new theory, around which a new paradigm can form. The new and old paradigms compete against each other for adherents, but the new paradigm is fated to win, because it provides possibilities for normal scientific research that the anomaly-ridden old paradigm no longer can. How long the struggle may take is another matter. When Darwin published his *Origin of Species*, he remarked that he did not expect to convince those naturalists "whose minds are stocked with a multitude of facts all viewed, during a long course of years, from a point of view directly opposite to mine," but he expected to win the young and rising generation over.

Chomsky did not begin his linguistic career as a revolutionary but as a young scholar forced to rethink the fundamental questions of his field because the familiar answers were raising more problems than solutions. It had been more than fifty years since any linguist had been driven back to the beginning, to ask, in effect, "What is language?" Before Chomsky the last linguist to ask the basic question so simply and directly was the Genevan, Ferdinand de Saussure, who published a book on language in 1878, when he was 21, and published nothing thereafter during a lifetime of teaching and research. After Saussure died in 1913, several of his students pooled their notes of his lectures and published them in 1916 as Saussure's *Cours de linguistique générale*, the book which founded modern linguistics.

Saussure defined language as a relationship between a person's thoughts and the sound his voice makes. Thought he called the signified and sound the signifier, and they were linked by something called the linguistic sign. The way to study language, Saussure said, was to study linguistic signs, not in a historical or comparative way but in a single language at a single moment in time. To assist this study Saussure made a distinction between *langue* and *parole*, between language and utterance. He held that the ideas, concepts and images of a particular language culture at a particular time could be totaled up and would comprise the language, out of which, in relation to utterance, the linguistic sign could be found.

In the United States modern structural linguistics began as a tool of anthropology, but it attained its independence under the leadership of Leonard Bloomfield, a scholar of German philology at the University of Chicago, whose textbook, *Language*, published in 1933, is regarded as the founding and classic work of the American school of descriptive linguistics. "There can be no doubt," according to a historian of the field, "that Bloomfield's greatest contribution to the study of language was to make a science of it."

Bloomfield argued that the sound patterns of a language change in a systematic way, and that the road to discovering those changes lay through a rigorous establishment of procedures. To get at the right procedures you had to begin by excluding all non-linguistic criteria. Bloomfield called himself a mechanist, and in his view anything having to do with the mind, thought or mental activity in any form, was not a proper subject for linguistics. In Saussure's terms, the American descriptive linguists studied only utterance, and did not concern themselves with language at all. American descriptive or structural linguistics was nevertheless a growing, confident and influential scientific field until Chomsky began to overthrow it more than a decade ago; and the basic disagreement between the old linguistic paradigm and Chomsky's new one, laying aside all technical matters, lies in their absolute conflict over the nature and relevance of the mind. Descriptive linguistics defines language as "speech sounds which people utter under particular stimuli." Chomsky describes language as an instrument for the free expression of thought and response to new situations.

In our daily lives, Chomsky points out,

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we are constantly uttering sentences we have never spoken before, and understanding sentences we have never heard before. In other words, our normal everyday use of words is creative. The descriptive school of linguistic scholarship tried to explain the undoubted fact that we make and understand new sentences all the time by various behavioral or mechanistic theories—that in childhood we are trained to respond to certain stimuli or that we acquire certain habits of language use, or that we create new sentences by analogy from old ones. None of these explanations, Chomsky insists, will serve. The only possible source for the creative aspect of language use lies in the innate competence of the human mind.

If it is possible to describe our daily, commonplace uses of language as creative in this sense, what does it mean to say that it stems from an innate competence of the human mind? It assumes, for one thing, that we are capable of forming thoughts and feelings and expressing them through our language. But it does not assume that the way we express a thought or feeling is going to be a complete and accurate rendering of it. The process that creates thought from abstract mental structures is one thing, the process that transforms thought into spoken language is wholly another. The study of language must necessarily be mentalistic, Chomsky insists, or else it will limit itself only to the outer form of language, the small deceptive part that sticks out like the surface of an iceberg. Beneath that, Chomsky says, is a deep structure of infinitely greater complexity and importance.

The notion that language has both surface and deep structures was used in linguistics before Chomsky—by Saussure with his distinction between language and utterance, and even more explicitly by Wittgenstein. But for Chomsky, unlike his predecessors, this dual structure of language provides the key to even more basic questions about the nature of mind. "My own view," Chomsky has written, "is that what is common to all languages is a certain schematism, a set of abstract formal conditions of a highly restrictive sort that sets strict limits on the choice of deep structures, surface structures, the transformational rules that interrelate them, the phonetic and semantic rules that interpret them." What is most exciting to Chomsky and his associates is not the incredible variety and incompatability of surface language use but rather the underlying unity of language form. "The general features of grammatical structure," he writes, "are common to all languages and reflect certain fundamental properties of mind . . . . There are, then, certain language universals that set limits to the variety of human language." The core of Chomsky's effort in linguistics is to build a theory of how these language universals work.

Books by Noam Chomsky

ASPECTS OF THE THEORY OF SYNTAX. *MIT Press. $7.50 (1965).*

CARTESIAN LINGUISTICS. *Harper & Row. $6 (1966).*

CURRENT ISSUES IN LINGUISTIC THEORY. *Humanities Press. Paper $3.25 (1964).*

SYNTACTIC STRUCTURES. *Humanities Press. Paper $2.75 (1957).*

TOPICS IN THE THEORY OF GENERATIVE GRAMMAR. *Humanities Press. Paper $3.25 (1966).*

Chomsky has sometimes referred to language universals as innate or abstract ideas, which has added considerably to the controversy and perhaps also to the confusion surrounding his theories. In technical terms, he defines language universals only as the "highly restrictive conditions that the rules of grammar meet." In Chomsky's theory rules of grammar generate the deep structures of a language, and deep structures are transformed into surface structures when we make spoken sentences out of thoughts and feelings in our minds.

In practice it is not difficult to see how Chomsky's linguistic work differs from that of his predecessors. For the ambiguous phrase "the shooting of the hunters," for example, every linguist would agree that it could have two different semantic interpretations, one based upon a kernel sentence—or a deep structure—with "hunters" as the subject of the verb "shoot" and another with "hunters" as the object. But Chomsky would go further and relate "the shooting of the hunters" as well to underlying abstract structures—the rules of grammar—which generate the two possible semantic interpretations. An example like "sincerity pleases John" might make this more clear. This is a simple sentence with a verb and two nouns, one a subject and one an object. But if one tries to substitute nouns or verbs to make new sentences like "John pleases sincerity" or "sincerity looks John," then it is clear that there are underlying principles—language universals, fundamental properties of mind—which make the first sentence grammatical and the others not. The basic question confronting Chomsky and his co-workers is to specify these principles at each point in the process of language, from rules of grammar through deep structure, surface structure, and finally to the phonetic and semantic interpretations we assign to our words.

Given this kind of theoretical progress, it is perhaps understandable that Chomsky refrained from further complicating an already difficult and hotly debated scholarly issue by pointing out the political and social implications of a theory emphasizing human competence and capacity to use language freely and creatively. In his recent book *Cartesian Linguistics*, however, talking about Wilhelm von Humboldt, the German statesman and scholar whose work he greatly admires, Chomsky makes clear that Humboldt's emphasis on spontaneous and creative aspects of language use derives from a more general concept of human nature. Thereupon he momentarily let down his guard, and in a long footnote he suggests in a curiously oblique way what the social and political implications of his linguistic theory might be.

After indicating that he approves of the Cartesian picture of human nature, Chomsky relates it to Rousseau's critique of modern society, quoting at length from Rousseau's *Discourse on the Origins and Foundations of Inequality among Men*. Modern social organization and the national state, Chomsky quotes Rousseau, have destroyed natural freedom, but man can regain his true humanity by "new revolutions [that will] dissolve the government altogether or bring it closer to its legitimate institution . . . the uprising that ends by strangling or dethroning a sultan is as lawful an act as those by which he disposed, the day before, of the lives and goods of his subjects." Chomsky could only have been using Rousseau's phrases to speak his own thoughts. The scientific revolutionary and the political revolutionary, it seemed clear, were one and the same after all.

The roots of Chomsky's scientific revolution in linguistics were laid early in his childhood. Chomsky's father, William, had emigrated from Russia in 1913 to avoid being drafted in the Czarist army, and became a Hebrew scholar at Gratz Teachers College and Dropsie College in Philadelphia, the city where Noam, an elder son, was born on December 7, 1928. During Noam's boyhood his father was writing for publication a 13th-century Hebrew grammar, *David Kimhi's Hebrew Grammar*, and it was this early acquaintance with medieval Hebrew philology which prepared the foundation for all that followed.

In a recent conversation Chomsky described the background of his career in linguistics. "My father's professional work was medieval Hebrew grammar,"

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he explained, "so at age 10 I was reading proofs on a 13th-century Hebrew grammar. This actually affected a lot of work that I did later, because I came to the field much later, without approaching it through the structuralist position, but rather from a totally informal background in classical philology—just picked up by looking at things here and there. You couldn't even call it a background. I didn't know anything, I just had a feel for historical processes. In fact, though, I've never really been interested in historical linguistics as such, there was one fact about historical linguistics that had been rigidly excluded in structural linguistics that I just took for granted, and I'm very glad I did—that is, an account ought to give explanations, not just descriptions. Historical linguistics was concerned with explaining why such and such a distribution of forms existed at a particular moment, but structural linguistics made a very strict point of not giving explanations. In fact, giving explanations was regarded as some kind of infantile mysticism. Really the only innovation I think I introduced into the field basically was to try to give descriptive explanations—to try to give a theory of the synchronic structure of the language which would actually explain the distribution of phenomena. In my early work, at least, this was very self-consciously modeled on the kinds of explanations that people gave in historical linguistics that I knew about ever since I was a kid. I had no further contact with the field really until college, when I ran into Zellig Harris"—the most rigorous practitioner of the linguistic methodology Chomsky was to overthrow.

After graduating from Central High School in Philadelphia, Chomsky started his college career in a desultory way at the University of Pennsylvania. He was more interested in Middle Eastern politics than in academic studies, and he wanted to drop out of college and go to Palestine. In an effort to dissuade him, Chomsky's parents introduced him to Zellig Harris, the linguist, who was then deeply immersed in political activities which seemed to reflect their son's left-wing political views. The two men immediately hit it off well together, and Chomsky decided to stay at Penn and take Harris' courses in linguistics. "He was at that time just finishing up his major work on structural linguistics, the thing that came out as *Methods in Structural Linguistics*," Chomsky recalled. "In fact, about the first thing I did before I ever took any courses from him was proofread the book for him. That's how I learned linguistics, by proofreading Harris' book—which was fine for me, I really learned the field."

Harris suggested that Chomsky go to work on a grammar of Hebrew. "I worked on it from a point of view which had nothing to do with linguistics whatsoever," Chomsky recalled, "but really had to do with my own background in historical linguistics. I started right off, without even asking any questions, working within the framework of generative grammar, which seemed to be the only conceivable thing, namely, trying to find a system of rules which would enable you to characterize all of the sentence structures in the language. I very quickly discovered that if you wanted to do this properly you had to have a long sequence of ordered rules. I also noticed right off that the logical order corresponded to some extent to the historical order which I knew of. I found that if you gave it the right kind of logical order then you could explain a lot of phenomena which otherwise seemed very inexplicable. I worked on this for a couple of years in really total isolation." Harris apparently never looked at it.

In retrospect, however, Chomsky feels he was fortunate in coming to linguistics by so unorthodox a route. "There is a lesson here for the social sciences," he remarked. "Most people come into the social and behavioral sciences and they're immediately faced with a fixed range of questions and a format of problems that you're supposed to look at, and it's very hard to challenge it, I suppose, because you go through and then you repeat it to your students and the same sort of nonsense gets repeated for fifty years. Finally somebody asks a simple question and the whole field collapses.

"Take this about language being habits. For about one hundred years people were saying language was a habit system and nobody ever questions it. Well, as soon as you ask, 'How can you innovate by habit?' then the whole field collapses and takes some entirely new way. Of course, it doesn't collapse in a minute. People argue for a while. But once one has seen the point of the fact that you cannot innovate by habit then most of linguistics and practically all of modern psychology sort of disappears. Normal human behavior is obviously innovative, and it's not based on analogy or something else."

Chomsky stayed on at Penn after he had completed his undergraduate studies and wrote up his work on Hebrew grammar in a master's thesis, "Morphophonemics of Modern Hebrew," which

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earned him an M.A. in 1951. He had also begun to study philosophy at Penn under Nelson Goodman, and when Chomsky was finishing up his M.A. work Goodman nominated him, successfully, for a junior fellowship in the Society of Fellows at Harvard. Chomsky held a fellowship for four years, from 1951 to 1955, and at the end of that time he received a doctorate in linguistics from Penn.

Chomsky's project for his junior fellowship, curiously, was an effort at improving the techniques of structural linguistics. At Penn he had been working as a student and collaborator with Zellig Harris even while, on his own, he was pursuing the generative approach to Hebrew grammar. "I totally believed in Harris' approach, thought structural linguistics was right, and was trying to work it out," he explained. "The natural thing for me to try to do as a student was to say, 'Okay, here's a diffuse set of techniques' "—the techniques, that is, of structural linguistics—" 'Let's really formalize them and see what their consequences are.' In fact the first article I published was in the *Journal of Symbolic Logic*. It was an attempt—which I think now completely silly—to overcome some of the inadequacies in the application of those techniques, to really sharpen them up. This was the great mass of work that I was doing for a couple of years after I left Penn. At the same time I was working on the side on this generative grammar approach, but thinking that it must be crazy, and not showing it to anyone." Finally Chomsky came to realize he was getting results through his work on generative grammar, growing out of his earlier work on Hebrew, while his apparently more important effort to improve the techniques of structural linguistics had no visible success at all. "Sometime around 1953 or so I began to think, 'Well, how come this other way is getting results and this is just more and more manipulation, always leading to a blind alley?' As soon as you raise the question it becomes obvious that there's no reason why these step-by-step analytic procedures should ever work."

In his last year at Harvard Chomsky worked feverishly to complete an immense manuscript, over 900 pages long, on the generative approach to grammar, called "The Logical Structure of Linguistic Theory." One chapter of the manuscript, a section on "Transformational Analysis," he submitted to the linguistics department at Penn as his doctoral dissertation. Though he was awarded his Ph.D., at least one of his readers reacted in a way that was soon to be characteristic: "I don't know what field this belongs to, but it certainly isn't linguistics." Over the next year or two Chomsky's dissertation and several articles came back promptly from the linguistics journals and publishers.

In 1957 his first book, *Syntactic Structures*, was published by Mouton & Co., of The Hague, a little book of less than 120 pages in pale blue paper covers, that had gone through five printings by 1965. *Syntactic Structures* was not a book Chomsky wrote for publication, since he assumed it was impossible for him to publish in the field, but was rather a compilation of Chomsky's notes for his introductory course in linguistics at M.I.T.

But it had the effect on some structural linguists that Kuhn describes when a new scientific paradigm appears at a time of crisis in the field. One of the leading young structural linguists, Robert Lees, read the book and switched his allegiance to transformational grammar. Lees wrote a long, highly favorable review in the journal *Language*, and thereupon *Syntactic Structures* raised a storm in the field of linguistics.

One result of *Syntactic Structures*, and Lees's review, was an invitation for Chomsky to take part in the next year's Texas Conference on Linguistic Analysis in English. After the Texas conference one of the participants, a professor at UCLA, switched from structural linguistics to transformational generative grammar—another conversion from the old paradigm to the new one, especially significant in the light of Kuhn's model for scientific revolutions. Chomsky, meanwhile, spent the 1958-59 academic year at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, where his work began to attract the attention of young scholars in other fields.

Chomsky had planned for his year at Princeton to revise his 900-page manuscript for publication, and though he got three-quarters of the way through it, eventually he gave it up in favor of a renewed interest in mathematical models in linguistics. His mathematical work resulted in several published papers over the next few years, but more importantly it established Chomsky's credentials as an expert, which have been indispensable for his criticism of the social sciences. "When Chomsky criticizes the application of computers to the social sciences," one scholar has said, "people have to listen, because he's been there and he knows what he's talking about."

At the same time Chomsky began his reading in the history of linguistics, mostly at the suggestion of his M.I.T. colleague, Morris Halle, which was eventually to result in *Cartesian Linguistics*. It would be interesting to speculate what course Chomsky might have taken had he not made this foray into the past. Very often a discoverer or innovator expends the sum of his intellectual energy on his revolutionary original insight, and thereafter spends the rest of his career repeating himself with minor modifications, while his followers are better able to see the implications of his work and carry it through. The three books Chomsky published between *Syntactic Structures* and *Cartesian Linguistics*—*Current Issues in Linguistic Theory* (1964), *Aspects of the Theory of Syntax* (1965), and *Topics in the Theory of Generative Grammar* (1966)—can be seen in this light, as works clarifying his ideas, replying to critics, incorporating revisions in the theory, and so on. But by his work in the history of linguistics Chomsky has been able to widen the boundaries of his basic original insights and relate them not only to the history of his own field but also to the major movements of ideas in modern times.

Although Chomsky had referred to historical figures like Wilhelm von Humboldt in several of his works of the early sixties, it was not until 1964-65, when he passed a sabbatical year at Harvard's Center for Cognitive Studies, that he immersed himself in the history of linguistics and made the connections, overtly, with the nature of mind, and covertly, with the nature of politics, that appear in *Cartesian Linguistics*. He saw more clearly than ever that his disagreement with the structural linguists was part of a larger question having to do with the methodology of philosophy, psychology

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and the social sciences as well. The dominant trends for half a century in those fields have been empiricist in nature, holding that human knowledge is derived purely from experience—hence the view of structural linguists and behavioral psychologists that the creative aspect of language use could only be developed by training or habit or analogy to past experience. Chomsky's efforts to understand human language, however, had led him to the belief that language universals exist in the mind—that the mind, in philosophical terms, is a source of knowledge independent of the senses. Thus Chomsky placed himself in the rationalist tradition of philosophy.

"Without trying to make this sound a little bit inflated," he explained, "I really think there is a very serious issue that is raised in the empiricist-rationalist controversy. In philosophy this is a very hard position to maintain because almost everyone assumes that these issues are dead, and if you only use words clearly you can see there is no issue. I don't believe that at all." The problem, he suggests, is that contemporary philosophers bring their own concerns to their studies in the history of philosophy, instead of trying to understand past philosophers in their historical and intellectual context. "If you study empiricism and rationalism this way, I think you find two fundamentally different approaches to the nature of human intelligence. The empiricist approach basically says that human knowledge is an adventitious construct which had developed through association and habit and so on from an essentially unstructured organism which has as its structure only the ability to perceive certain impressions—and ability to carry out induction—which Hume quite honestly said must be just animal instinct; there is no explanation for it. The rationalist approach basically assumes that there's some fixed schematic structure within which any human knowledge has to develop and it can be initiated by experience but it's going to take the form which is determined by the nature of mind. This is a very different approach, I think."

In his own scholarly work Chomsky is anxious to move on toward the unanswered questions about the human mind. "I think I've done about as much arguing as I feel like doing for a while on this general rationalist-empiricist business. I think the thing to do now is to try to draw out and give an explicit characterization of those principles which do govern the functions of mind—human cognitive processes—in this domain and try to tie them as much as possible to other things that are known about the psychological capabilities of humans and just build on that."

The linguistics revolution can hardly rest content with the acceptance of transformational generative grammar within its field. One of the difficulties in talking precisely about scientific revolutions, from Copernicus and Galileo to Freud and Einstein, is that they are enmeshed in far wider and more complex changes in the way men view themselves and their world. "Linguistics," Chomsky says, "is really a theoretical biology, if you like, a theoretical psychology." If Chomsky's rethinking of the question "What is language?" has brought about a revolution in the field of linguistics, it cannot help but be involved—in ways we may not yet be able to see—in a larger revolution built upon the question, "What is man?"

In the Old Tradition

ANNA KARENINA AND OTHER ESSAYS. *By F. R. Leavis. Pantheon Books. 248 pp. $5.95.*

ALAN LELCHUK
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This collection of sixteen essays by the well-known English teacher and critic, F. R. Leavis, includes only two that are new to print (studies of *Anna Karenina* and *The Secret Sharer*). The rest is reprinted material, reaching as far back in time as 1933 (a requiem for a small magazine of high quality, *The Calendar of Modern Letters*). In range they extend from Leavis' first foray into a foreign literature, to Anglo-American authors like Eliot and Pound, Twain and James, George Eliot and John Bunyan. There is also a fine appreciation of one of Leavis' spiritual ancestors in literary criticism, Samuel Johnson. But the fact that we are offered so little that is new is disappointing. For after the extended attack on Snow, which exhibited more of Leavis' defects than his virtues, it was interesting to speculate on what further literary directions Leavis might explore. More specifically, one waited to see how the Snow cultural critique might be translated into a discussion of contemporary literary matters.

Thus this collection rehashes old patterns, rather than opening new departures. Leavis' critical perspective derives from a combination of Johnson's moral seriousness, Matthew Arnold's concerns with the cultural condition and with literature as a criticism of life, and from the energizing spirit of Non-Conformist Dissent (translated into literary terms). This last lends to his work the continual combativeness and bluntness which have come to be regarded as the Leavis signature. They are for the most part attractive qualities; Leavis is at his best as a negative or corrective critic—he is fond of storming and defeating favorite Establishment citadels, especially those with large pretensions and exaggerated reputations. He is frequently successful. Leavis rightfully points out that Dryden's critical writings may be important historically, but they don't exist as major criticism or "living literature." Pound was deficient not merely in humanity but in his art; and, more interesting, Leavis shows that beneath Pound's well-publicized and self-promoted erudition lay essential cultural ignorances.

Commenting on Eliot, Leavis may exaggerate the case (a frequent failing), but he does make useful points. He notes shrewdly that Eliot's best criticism occurs when the problem at hand is directly related to his own technical problems as a poet. Otherwise Eliot's critical judgments suffer from a certain conventionality of mind, narrowness of emotional range, insufficiency of intellectual rigor. About Eliot's famous essay, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," Leavis remarks, "Actually the trenchancy and vigor are illusory and the essay is notable for its ambiguities, its logical inconsistencies, its pseudo-precisions, its fallaciousness, and the aplomb of its equivocations and its specious cogency." Delivered with cunning casualness, the remark is then backed up with a close scrutiny of the essay—at times very cogent, at times not. Leavis is particularly scornful of any "fashionable" group or figure whose essentially minor achievement is labeled—by the mass culture weeklies or the B.B.C.—as major. Thus the elitist coterie of Bloomsbury and its overrated talent receives harsh, disdainful judgment. (Virginia Woolf,

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as novelist and critic, is a favorite target.) And he derives pleasure from recalling how fashionable it was to attribute real creative originality to the modern poets of the thirties, Auden, Spender, Day Lewis, while critics like himself, a tiny minority, earned a different kind of reward by disagreeing.

Leavis is to be commended for his role as a vigorous opponent of gentility parading as serious culture, of mannered style or precious feelings standing for real talent, of journalistic "taste" and academic fashion passing for critical standards. As a close reader of novels, Leavis demands a critical attentiveness and rigor which ignores the dilettantish or impressionistic reader. A critic of personal engagement and moral responsiveness to a particular work or writer, rather than a critical theorist, Leavis refuses constantly to oversimplify a text for the sake of tidy organization or thesis correctness (a peculiarly American fallibility). Leavis cares for literature and for standards—and in an age when most literary criticism consists of a pedestrian professionalism, and when literary standards are too frequently abandoned for this cause or that promotion, Leavis is a welcome reminder that literary criticism can be a serious discipline.

All this is not to say that he is without drawbacks, some of the most serious of which spring from his virtues. One of the unfortunate consequences of his combativeness, for one thing, is that Leavis is continually setting up a straw man and laying him low. This can be useful, if the straw man is worth it (as in the *Karenina* essay) or really there. Is, for example, Prof. Harry Moore, a weak editor of Lawrence's letters, really worth the rancorous lambasting he receives from Leavis? Clearly Moore serves as the occasion for the renewal of the very personal D. H. Lawrence crusade that Leavis has been waging for years (and should abandon, since, besides its monotony, it represents his greatest critical misjudgment). And take the case of "The Americanness of American Literature." To mount a vigorous attack on Van Wyck Brooks in 1952—as if that critic were a major critical force, or his view a predominant one that Howells was as significant as James—is to display an embarrassingly antiquated contact with the American critical world.

Another defect results when bluntness hardens into rigid dogma or ex cathedra pronouncement. Too often authoritarian assertion replaces analytical discussion. I refer now to Leavis' famous literary traditions, which are frequently mistaken in judgment and artificial in their exclusiveness. In excluding Dickens (except for *Hard Times*, hardly as powerful a novel as some others) and Hardy from his Great Tradition of the English Novel, for example, Leavis makes two major novelists pay the penalty of debatable criteria and, worse, shuts off the opportunity for a serious discussion of their art. Indeed if cultural matrix or common heritage are to exist as criteria for evaluation, can you really place James ahead of Hardy, or Conrad ahead of Dickens? Leavis' Procrustean traditions point more to his own limitations and biases than to the limitations of those writers he excludes.

My last reservation (in this limited space) concerns Leavis' continual reminder for the critic to preserve standards in his own age. In an early essay, "Towards Standards of Criticism," Leavis writes:

> Where there is a "living literature of the time" there is also a "contemporary sensibility," and it is always the business of criticism . . . to define—that is, help to form—and organize this, and to make conscious the "standards" implicit in it.

Certainly this is an important truth about the responsibility of the critic. Yet, curiously, Leavis has not, in recent years (the Snow controversy notwithstanding), shouldered the burden. For as we can see from this collection, where there is not one single essay devoted to a *contemporary* writer, work or movement, Leavis has abdicated from the responsibility of which he is constantly reminding us. And when we read, in the essay on *Anna Karenina*, what Matthew Arnold, that celebrator of the Greek classics, thought about that novel (and about other contemporary works), it is regrettable that Leavis, who has followed Arnold in so much else, has departed from his mentor in offering commentary about contemporary literature. Isn't it ironic that the "news" about this collection concerns an essay on a novel published not in the 1960s but almost a hundred years earlier?

The Stages of Wasp Man

MORNING NOON AND NIGHT. *By James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace & World. 408 pp. $5.95.*

EDWIN J. KENNEY, JR.
Mr. Kenney teaches English at Colby College in Maine.

Readers who remember the controversy about whether *By Love Possessed* was the 20th-century incarnation of the Great American Novel or a badly written, propagandistic defense of WASP values, can prepare themselves for the arguments that will follow the publication of James Gould Cozzens' latest work. Although not so monumentally ambitious, *Morning Noon and Night*, Mr. Cozzens' first full-length novel since *By Love Possessed* (1957), is a radical departure from the manner of his earlier fiction, and it raises similar critical questions about his talent and his vision.

Cozzens' new novel takes the form of the reminiscences of a businessman in his 60s, and the narrative moves through time and space according to what the narrator calls the "uncertainties" of his recollections and associations. This range and fluidity of a whole lifetime of different stages of growth in different parts of the Eastern seaboard distinguishes *Morning Noon and Night* from Cozzens' other novels, like *Guard of Honor* or *Men and Brethren*, which were firmly set in a realistically particularized community and formally limited by the brief dramatic moments in which the action or crisis takes place. Even if the reader of a novel like *By Love Possessed* may feel that there is finally too much detail for its own sake and no real crisis worthy of such elaborate preparation, he may at least be possessed by the rich, dense texture of the fictional world itself and the suggestion of its social, moral, and psychological pressures.

His concreteness and immediacy, his fidelity to what most people consider to be real life, are Cozzens' great achievements as a novelist, but they are missing from the recollections of Henry Dodd Worthington, which move whimsically in time among home town and summer cottage and prep school, Harvard and Boston, business and New York, the Air Force and Washington. The loss of a distinct and palpable external world is by itself an abuse of Cozzens' abilities and a serious weakness of *Morning Noon and Night*; it also leaves naked Cozzens' tendency to create rather lifeless secondary characters, who have to do all the suffering in his novels, and to present his skeptical leading characters with undue solemnity.

By making the subject of this novel the narrator, Cozzens presents directly and openly the consciousness of his hero and making the life of his fiction depend upon the quality of the narrator's sensibility. Henry Dodd Worthington does not bear this responsibility effortlessly. He is a characteristic Cozzens

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hero: a white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant from a New England family of money and position, who has become a successful professional man. He lacks even an ordinary sensitivity to life and to the integrity of the lives around him, and reveals a tired and tiring imperviousness to emotional relations with parents, friends, wives, children. He cannot, for example, sympathize with his daughter's distress at her marital difficulties ("past my help") or her sorrow at her mother's death ("She lacks my schooling in these terminal processes").

Perhaps worse, he cannot even believe imaginatively that he once might have been moved; in writing his autobiography Worthington can "re-experience almost nothing of the animation of high interest, the active enthrallment" of his youth, and the narrative recollection of his experiences conveys to the reader little sense of an active inner life at all. There is too much detachment and abstraction to permit a vivid or dramatic sense of felt life, yet the detachment never becomes comic. He can label his boyhood seduction by an older woman as potentially comic ("now we are to have relishable comedy, albeit low"), but he cannot treat it comically, for he does not truly see it that way. Indeed, his seriousness about himself is extraordinary and oppressive.

Worthington considers his most distinguished quality to be a skeptical habit of mind, what he calls "critical analyzing," the skill that has made him a successful management consultant. He sees this ability "to point out the obvious" as leading to some kind of wisdom ("what I have to say about life deserves attention"); the wisdom is that there really isn't any wisdom about life because it is such a haphazard and pointless business that a man can never be sure about it.

Such a flat vision of the human condition, of course, is meant, on the one hand, to justify the narrator's refusal to confront life with energy and commitment and, on the other, to justify his rejection of those who do, such as "the liberal intellectual pretenders, the social-activist fake or half-writers," and all young people and women with their messy emotions. Without intensely felt experience—perhaps most simply without the awareness of suffering—Henry Dodd Worthington can never reach any true sense of life or understanding of it, and can only narcissistically enjoy his own wonder at his fortuitous and effortless moving from inheritance to inheritance, wife to wife, job to job, comfort to comfort.

In *Morning Noon and Night,* as in much of Cozzens' other work, the rhetoric inappropriately outweighs the action. There is no action at all here, and the rhetoric is repulsively turgid, stuffed to bursting with badly chosen, misunderstood commonplaces from literature—even from Cozzens' own novels. Worthington's pretentious use of literary allusions shows clearly that literature was never an imaginative experience for him, and so it, too, becomes vulgarized as he quotes it, explicates it, and mixes it with business jargon and cracker-barrel clichés to support and to ornament his smug confidence.

> Yes; he that moves others himself unmoved; he that calm and clear-sighted remains stone, who is slave to neither appetite nor passion—he fits himself to get, he deserves to get, favor of the gods and so grow great. Rightly he rules and disposes; weaker, poorer characters come under him as servants.

As in this paraphrase of Shakespeare's Sonnet 94, whose sense both Worthington and Cozzens seem to have missed, the narrator's pompous allusions and self-congratulatory comparisons of himself to heroic and tragic characters such as King David and Hamlet do reveal that in this so-called critical mind there is little self-criticism. Whether these revelations were intended by Cozzens to be ironic is difficult to ascertain because they do not operate with the brilliance

P. V. Annenkov

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of controlled ironic form. Worthington, like Prufrock, may think himself a Hamlet and actually be a Polonius, but thinking so does not lead Worthington to a discovery of that truth. And *Morning Noon and Night*, unlike Eliot's poem, does not lead the reader to believe confidently that the author knew the truth about his character. How, the reader keeps asking, ought a passage such as this be read?

> It [the life of the great and powerful] closely pertains to me. To one Henry Dodd Worthington, today's man of uncertainty, of two or more minds in his remembering, as he looks at random episodes of history, comedy, and tragedy by memory restaged, and to that poor player who today, this minute, is busy strutting and fretting his current hour's part of slipper'd Pantaloon. Often I may still feel incredulous but there can be no doubt about it. Speaking of the great and powerful I do not speak objectively. I am speaking of myself. I am one of them. *I*, as lingering incredulity says, of all people.

The disingenuous remarks about incredulity from a stone man who believes he deserves the favors of the gods are hard to take, no matter how they are taken. If they are meant to be ironic, the irony is neither sudden, sharp, and devastating here, nor sustained, complex, and revealing throughout the narrative. If they are not meant to be ironic, they and Worthington are at best disagreeable and dull.

If Cozzens' champions complain that his works are too often attacked for social and political reasons instead of being criticized as literature, the answer is that his works too often seem to be social and political tracts instead of literature. Worthington at one point in his narrative describes it as an "apology for myself and life"; analogically it is also an apology for the lives of all the heroes that have preceded him in Cozzens' work and for Cozzens' persistent imaginative concern with such heroes. If Cozzens were less fascinated by the happy little ironies of his heroes' assured superiority and more attuned to literary irony, this might have been a marvelous ironic presentation of an unusually pretentious and protected man. The energy for the book could then have come from a richly ambiguous authorial view of the hero. But Cozzens always seems to take his heroes as solemnly as they take themselves.

A Passionate Memoir

CONFESSIONS OF A DISLOYAL EUROPEAN. *By Jan Myrdal. Pantheon Books. 202 pp. $4.95.*

ROBERT HATCH

Jan Myrdal is 40, but he has written a book which seems much younger than that. Partly it seems so because he is largely recalling the events and feelings of his youth: but more deeply it is because, even now, he displays a youth's admirable inability to come to terms with his own and his society's corruption.

The catalyst for *Confessions of a Disloyal European* was the suicide of a girl (here called A; many of Myrdal's associates are thus identified by initials, which is tactful of him, but gives the company a somewhat ghostly cast) who had borrowed his apartment for a time. He was in no way to blame, as men normally weigh blame, but she had phoned him and he had put her off, being engrossed in his own work. And by a combination of association, dream and insight—whose threads he weaves into a brilliantly revealing example of what we mean when we say we know something that we cannot possibly know—Myrdal knew he should not put aside that call. "Knowing but not doing is betrayal."

Being a writer ("I am a mixer of words . . . but I mistrust my tools"), he sublimates the betrayal of A into the larger frame of Europe's betrayal of the rest of the world. "My guilt is that of the consciousness that does not carry responsibility": in microcosm, it is the guilt of the European, that most conscious of men. As expiation, and to force some meaning out of A's quite meaningless death, he will write an honest book about his times, his heritage, his loves, dreams and ascent to manhood.

The utter honesty he would embrace turns out not to be easily achieved. Myrdal's memory is good—indeed superb: he can recall conversations decades old, the sensations of his early teens, the underlined passages of books unseen for years—but memory proves to be less a guide than an ambush of exculpation. He keeps setting down passages of the seeming most vivid relevance, and then turning against them in a revulsion of superior candor. Indeed, the reader may become vexed by this process of alternate construction and demolition: a writer should perhaps do such homework in his study and come to the printed page with his affairs in a semblance of order. There is something liverish about this repeated flinging down of the pencil. And how can one know that what remains is any more true than what is repudiated? Indeed, Myrdal says that he has shaped and censored to make truth out of fact—which I interpret as making art out of life. I could cite passages wherein dramatic form wins out over plausibility, and there is one memorable paragraph wherein Myrdal's zeal for the well-turned anecdote traps him into claiming that he assumes on the toilet a position which the contours of that device would make ludicrous if not impossible.

But if the book in retrospect is only a qualified success—disjointed, self-commiserating, fickle—the process of its making is a fascination. I think I have never read a work that so urged me to try my hand at the same thing; that is because Myrdal makes so plain how one must go about it if one has really the determination to strike a balance for one's time and one's relation to it. He was a rebel from his early teens (a real one—out of school and on the road); I think he became so in part because he was attracted by hard tasks and it was not easy for the son of Gunnar Myrdal to rebel. He does not much mention his parents except in one passage where, with an understanding bitterness, he explains how their position of liberal eminence in Sweden blocked for years the publication of his iconoclastic works. Editors solicitous for the intrepid social programs of the elder Myrdals were disinclined to embarrass them before their enemies by sponsoring their son's acrid noncomformity. But he cites his experience at the Lincoln School in New York, where for a time he was placed and where he came into frustrated opposition to a "tender and group-minded" administration. It is easier, he says, "to develop one's personality in an old-fashioned school among mad teachers without either understanding or tenderness." And easier, one may assume, in the company of parents similarly deficient.

So the very young Myrdal, by his own account, overreacted to understanding and encouragement, grew his hair long, omitted baths, slept where and with whom he pleased, froze on the roads, burned in the desert and managed to save his soul by outraging the proprieties of even his complacent society. It is as well that his parents endowed him at least with an almost indestructible body and mind. Sore as a bear, from deepest convictions, he has had the wit to direct his misanthropy against sufficiently large targets. He is disloyal to Europe. "The monuments our Western ideals construct rest on a firm base of torn-off fingernails." And this bias acquired from study and observation turns him toward a kind of allegiance to the East. (If his novels gave his parents some pain, *Report from a Chinese Village*

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must have fed their pride.) But I feel that it is a negative allegiance—at least, Myrdal offers not much evidence in this passionately carpentered memoir that man fares better East than West. It is more the case that Europe's analytical superiority makes the failure there more clammy.

In any event, man is Myrdal's single, if abstract ally. "I have been convinced for a long time that it is the idea and not the organized idea that has any rights over me." Religion not church, theory not party, man not society. It can be the life work of a very good man to keep the distinction clear.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

THE BEAUTYFUL ONES ARE NOT YET BORN. *By Ayi Kwei Armah. Houghton Mifflin Co. 215 pp. $4.95.*

Armah is an American-educated Ghanaian now on the staff of *Jeune Afrique* in Paris. His novel, set in Ghana, is an unrelievedly repelling and hopeless portrait of a society whose ruling class is literally obsessed with money and prestige; the intensity of their worship of power is comparable only to their contempt for those outside its magic circles. The main character is a railway clerk squeezed between the pressures of "succeeding" and remaining human. Armah shows us the actual process of what seems to be an inevitable personality disintegration of those who struggle to survive in the world of the novel. His prognosis, as relayed in the title, is that no possibility for change is yet in sight. One particularly fascinating section of this angry and profound book tells of the rise to power of a Nkrumah-like character.

THE PENNY WARS. *By Elliott Baker. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 255 pp. $5.95.*

What starts out as an unusually wise, moving, funny and authoritative novel about being 16 in 1939 middle-class America ends up as a bad failure for the author of *A Fine Madness*. Mr. Baker's likable young hero, intent on such matters as his sex life, the coming of fascism, and his relationship with his widowed mother, gets pushed by his author into a series of progressively strained events, first with a newly arrived German refugee who courts his mother, then with a group of young black kids, and finally, in a climax fraught with symbolism, into a confrontation in which both converge to make a moral. Mr. Baker's main character is so well drawn that one feels he'd be aghast at the gimmicky ending his author has slapped onto his saga.

ONCE AN EAGLE. *By Anton Myrer. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 817 pp. $7.95.*

This immense windbag of a novel follows the career of one Sam Damon—born soldier, leader of men and the best combat commander the U.S. Army ever had—from his youth in small-town America through both World Wars until, a three-star general at the age of 65, he is called to "Khotiane" as an adviser. Here he dies in his boots after enlightenment, trying to convince his colleagues that they are heading for a land war in Asia. The result is an unintentional, magnificent parody of the worst American war novels. Every hackneyed, simplistic and sentimental idea about love and war since time began seems to be intoned at one time or another by its wooden characters. Sam himself is deified throughout for his wisdom, integrity, and sheer goodness, while the perspective is always as if a man who had said tsk-tsk at the bombing of Hiroshima were covered with medals by the War Resisters League. If the members of the Book-of-the-Month Club were ever to rise up in revolt against its judges, their selection of *Once An Eagle* would seem to offer a fine occasion.

KISS KISS BANG BANG. *By Pauline Kael. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 404 pp. $7.95.*

Pauline Kael on the movies makes most critics of anything else seem like careful and well-intentioned bores. This collection includes her celebration of *Bonnie and Clyde* and her wincingly accurate put-down of *Blow-Up* but, best of all, a selection of her notes—most of them a single paragraph long—on 280 of the thousands of movies on which she has commented over the years. There is a 31-page index. Miss Kael's candor, range, wit and immense knowledge are only part of what makes her book so absorbing; what is rare is the way she gives herself to what she sees and what she writes, and her assumption that both filmmakers and readers are at least as human as she is. The State Department would do well to give this book away by the thousands to replace whatever else they may now be using as an introduction to American culture. This is a serious suggestion.

BLOODLINE. *By Ernest J. Gaines. The Dial Press. 249 pp. $4.95.*

The two best stories in this collection are child's-eye views of being black in Southern plantation country. Mr. Gaines, who grew up working on a plantation, conveys it all with the kind of artistry that reminds us how numb we've become in putting up with mediocre dialogue in fiction for the sake of "story." He is fine at both, but any (white?) admirer of *Bloodline*, and of his earlier novel, *Of Love and Dust*, also set on a plantation, has to wonder now what he would do with another setting. It is interesting to speculate about how Mr. Gaines's further experiences—in the Army, or in San Francisco, where he's lived for some time—would be filtered through the sensibility that makes his Southern-based books so good to read.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario

Since George Bernard Shaw has long since been granted at least *de facto* recognition as the second playwright of the English-speaking world, it is only fitting that there should be an annual festival in his honor. The Malvern Festival in England, which flourished during the thirties, has been defunct for many years, but every summer since 1962 there has been a Shaw Festival here at Niagara-on-the-Lake, an idyllic little town within fairly easy reach of both Buffalo and Toronto. This Shaw Festival is still in some respects a rather primitive operation; it functions in a cramped, makeshift 400-seat theatre that has to be fitted up from scratch every year inside the Niagara town hall. But it has succeeded in attracting both good actors and large audiences. And, at a time when Shaw tends to bring out the worst in directors, its work is marked by a refreshing absence of camp, cuteness and misplaced ingenuity.

From last season I remember with particular pleasure a production of *Arms and the Man* that made Shaw's points with economy, deftness and plenty of impact; this season began with a production of *Heartbreak House*, a far more difficult work, that fared less well. *Heartbreak House* is one of those frustrating works that attempt greatly, that have glints and gleams of extraordinary brilliance, that might have been masterpieces, and that do not come off. It is Shaw's attempt to write an English *Cherry Orchard*; but Shaw thought that to write like Chekhov meant a relaxation of artistic discipline, whereas, if anything, the reverse is true. "Heartbreak House," says Shaw in his preface, ". . . is cultured, leisured Europe before the

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war." But it isn't; it is a "menagerie," a "crazy-house" (I quote from the play itself), populated by fantastic, implausible Shavian figments.

An inspired director might perhaps be able to make the play seem to be *in toto* what it is in flashes: a powerful metaphor for a disintegrating, suicidal society. But Val Gielgud (B.B.C. radio producer and elder brother of Sir John), who directed the festival production, was not thus inspired. He appeared to respect the play, even to understand it; he just could not make it work—not with this cast, anyhow.

There were a couple of fine performances. Tony van Bridge as old Captain Shotover, who sees clearly what is going on around him and takes refuge from it in senility, eccentricity and drink, resisted the temptation to cuteness, which so marred the characterization of Maurice Evans on Broadway a few years back. Mr. van Bridge even made a brave attempt to show us the pain that lies beneath Shotover's antics. And Bill Fraser as Boss Mangan, the pathetic *nouveau riche* captain of industry, was vulgar in an unhackneyed, economical, and unmistakably authentic fashion, and very funny into the bargain.

But other actors in important parts were unable to hold together the divergent elements of their characters. Jessica Tandy, for instance, as Shotover's daughter Hesione, managed very well with the cozy side of the character, but she failed to project the mysterious sensuality that the text insists on attributing to Shotover's "demon daughters." Paxton Whitehead, who played Miss Tandy's husband, is a young English actor whose marvelous gift for comic fatuity in this case obscured Shaw's point that the character is not only a romantic poseur but also an intelligent man whose comments on the futility of the lives around him deserve to be taken seriously.

The Shaw Festival is interested not only in Shaw but also in his contemporaries, particularly the comic writers. After *Heartbreak House* this season came a week-long guest engagement of *The Importance of Being Oscar,* Micheál MacLiammóir's one-man show about Oscar Wilde, and this was followed by the English-language première of *La Main Passe!* by Georges Feydeau, translated especially for the festival by the Canadian actress Suzanne Grossmann, and retitled *The Chemmy Circle.* From one point of view, this last is an incongruous offering for a Shaw Festival; Georges Feydeau (1862-1921) was the great master of the French bedroom farce, a genre of which Shaw most vigorously disapproved. "To shout with laughter at a farcical comedy," Shaw once wrote apropos of a play by this same Feydeau, is "the deliberate indulgence of that horrible, derisive joy in humiliation and suffering which is the beastliest element in human nature." But time brings its revenges; Shaw and Feydeau now seem much closer together than they ever did in their lifetimes, both products of the same 19th-century comic tradition. Shaw is no longer an *avant-garde* writer, Feydeau is no longer a commercial hack; both, in their varying degrees, are classics. Eric Bentley, who has written a brilliant book in defense of Shaw, has also called Feydeau "possibly the greatest writer of farce of any country at any time."

The Chemmy Circle at the Shaw Festival does not altogether bear out Mr. Bentley's contention, but it makes Shaw's exclamations of horror seem grotesquely irrelevant. It is a cheerful, friendly piece, mildly amusing for the most part, but punctuated with bursts of hilarity: a very successful light entertainment. To describe the plot would be labor lost; it is enough to say that the action revolves around the double bed that appears on stage in the second scene. But the resultant goings on are too athletic and busy to be very stimulating sexually; Feydeau seems to suggest that while adultery is pretty nearly universal, it is far too much of a nuisance to be much fun, except for the spectators.

The particular achievement of the festival cast is to make Feydeau's harried puppets likeable, even charming. As the erring wife whose passions spin the plot, Frances Hyland is a ray of delicate blonde sunshine; as her lover, James Valentine is ingenuously distracted, like the little Dutch boy discovering that there are more holes in the dike than he has fingers. The play has been directed without virtuosity but with a shrewd eye to what it needs by Paxton Whitehead, who is also the festival's art director.

The Chemmy Circle closes the current Shaw Festival season, but there are all kinds of plans for the future. The festival is about to begin a drive to raise money for a new theatre. There it will present, perhaps in repertory, three plays each season: "one major Shaw, one more esoteric Shaw, and one major non-Shavian play," according to Mr. Whitehead. Its non-Shavian presentations, he says, will include "the best of Chekhov, Ibsen, Molnar, Pinero and early Coward." I look forward with some trepidation to Shaw-Festival Chekhov: will the Shaw Festival be able to understand him any better than Shaw himself did? But Chekhov and Ibsen are still in the future, and meanwhile the festival has established itself as the leading exponent on this continent (not that the competition is very formidable) of the lighter repertory it has so far chosen for itself.

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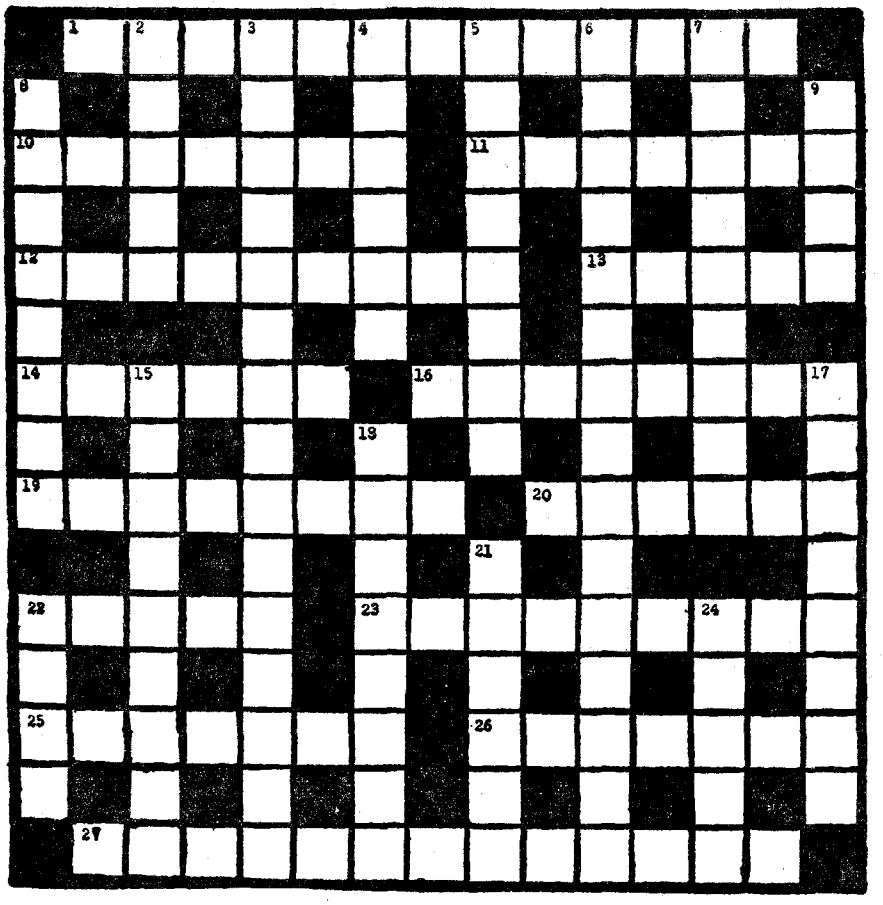

ACROSS

1 One of the chief adherents to a symphony by Huxley? (5, 3, 5)
10 Take care not to do so. (7)
11 In the eagle, a medium amount is shown by the sound of it. (7)
12 Enter into a holding arrangement. (9)
13 It might go around the head of Caesar, according to Brutus. (5)
14 If you like to be asleep, perhaps? (6)
16 A daughter of Aeolus might help if you're feeling cranky! (8)
19 Ate about a few hundred pounds of pork, and turned out this way? (8)
20 One of those sell-out pieces? (6)
22 Not an express term for the pub. (5)
23 Not well, yet resting comfortably? In fact, quite the opposite! (3-2-4)
25 Fray. (7)
26 A prosecutor might have a bad time with one barely visible. (7)
27 Like one of O. Henry's titled subjects? (13)

DOWN

2 What one might claim isn't left straight? (5)
3 Their time is a quarter less than full, with such as Morgenblaetter. (8, 7)
4 It could turn out to be lousy humor one provides! (6)
5 How one might travel on the Continent at least implies the coach isn't in the dark. (5-3)
6 What one might have to do at Customs with obvious jurisprudence. (4-3-4, 4)
7 Almost pure carbon, going from light to dark. (9)
8 No hanging matter with such things! (8)
9 Puzzlers might recognize it as a favorite passage of mine. (4)
15 Free seat? (4, 5)
17 White Russian finally, but lives otherwise at first. (8)
18 Might be helped by vitamins and a couple of portions of fruit, by the sound of it. (8)
21 A chapeau the French raise, having long, soft hair. (6)
22 The upper story should obviously have a high pitch. (4)
24 Twice-called to Byron's native shore. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1261

ACROSS: 1 and 22 down A fate worse than death; 9 Matisse: 10 Proviso; 11 Sinews; 12 Arrested; 14 Climate; 15 Durum: 17 Eagle; 19 Interns; 23 Lithia; 25 Detrain; 26 Regards; 27 and 8 down In the Year of Our Lord. DOWN: 1 Armistice; 2 Actinic; 3 Erstwhile; 4 Order; 5 Superheats; 6 Those; 7 Aviator; 13 Malignancy; 15 Derring-do; 16 Merganser; 18 Glisten; 20 Scherzo; 21 and 21 across Body-building; 24 Area.

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